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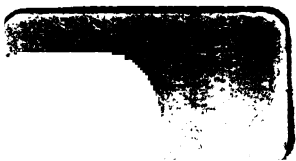
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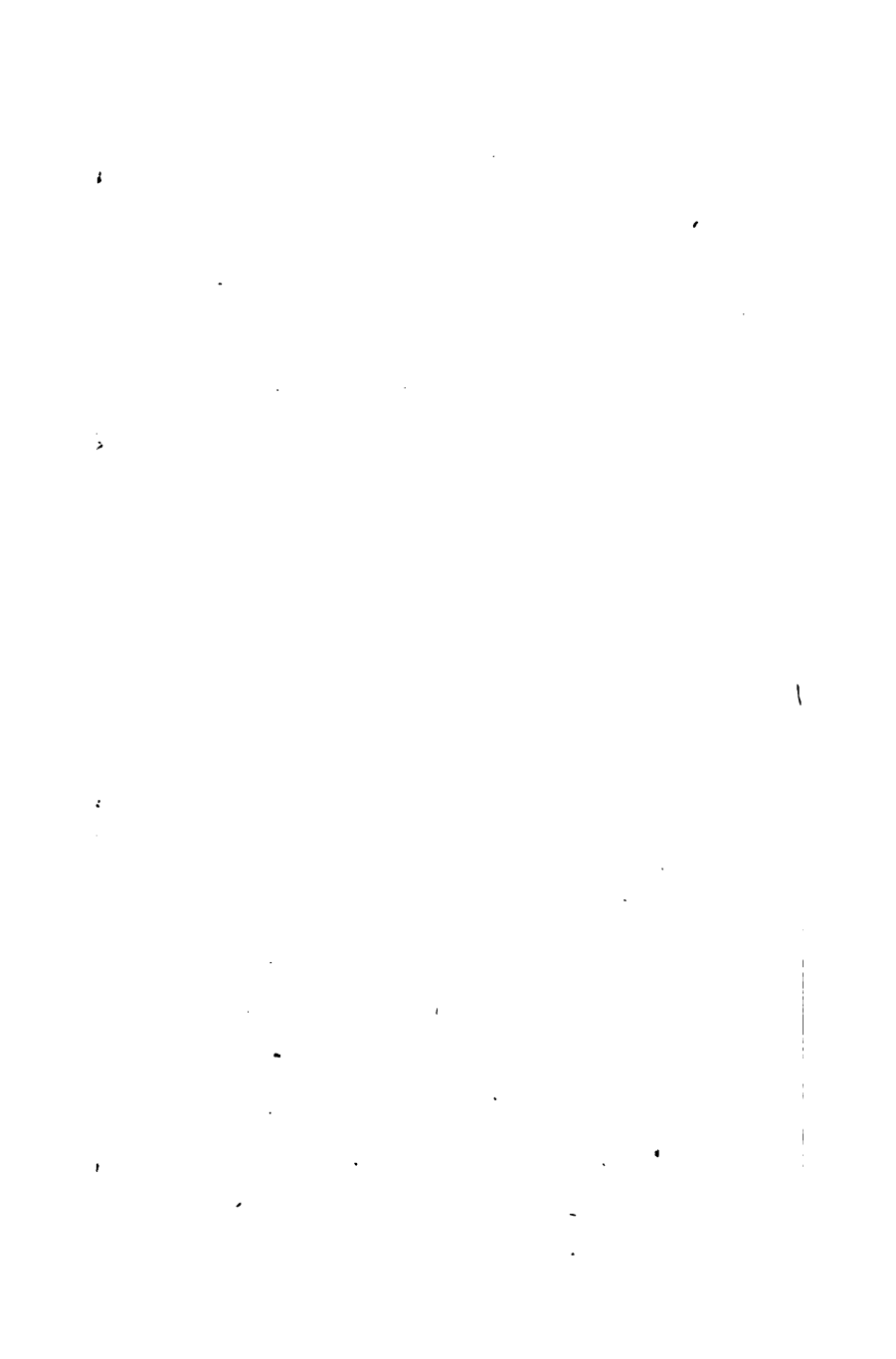




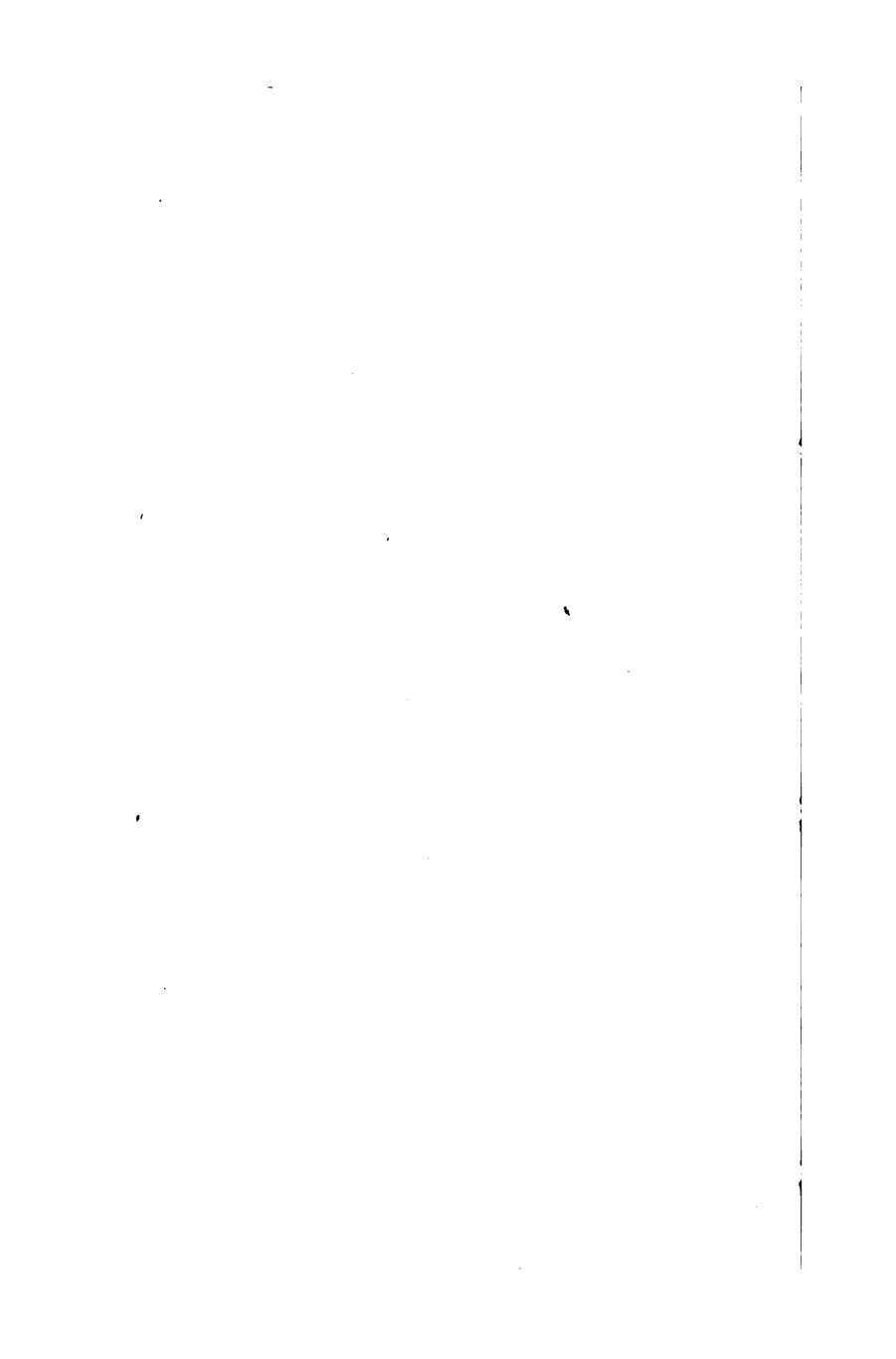












THE  
**BRITISH POETS.**

INCLUDING  
**TRANSLATIONS.**

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IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

VI.

SPENSER, VOL. I.



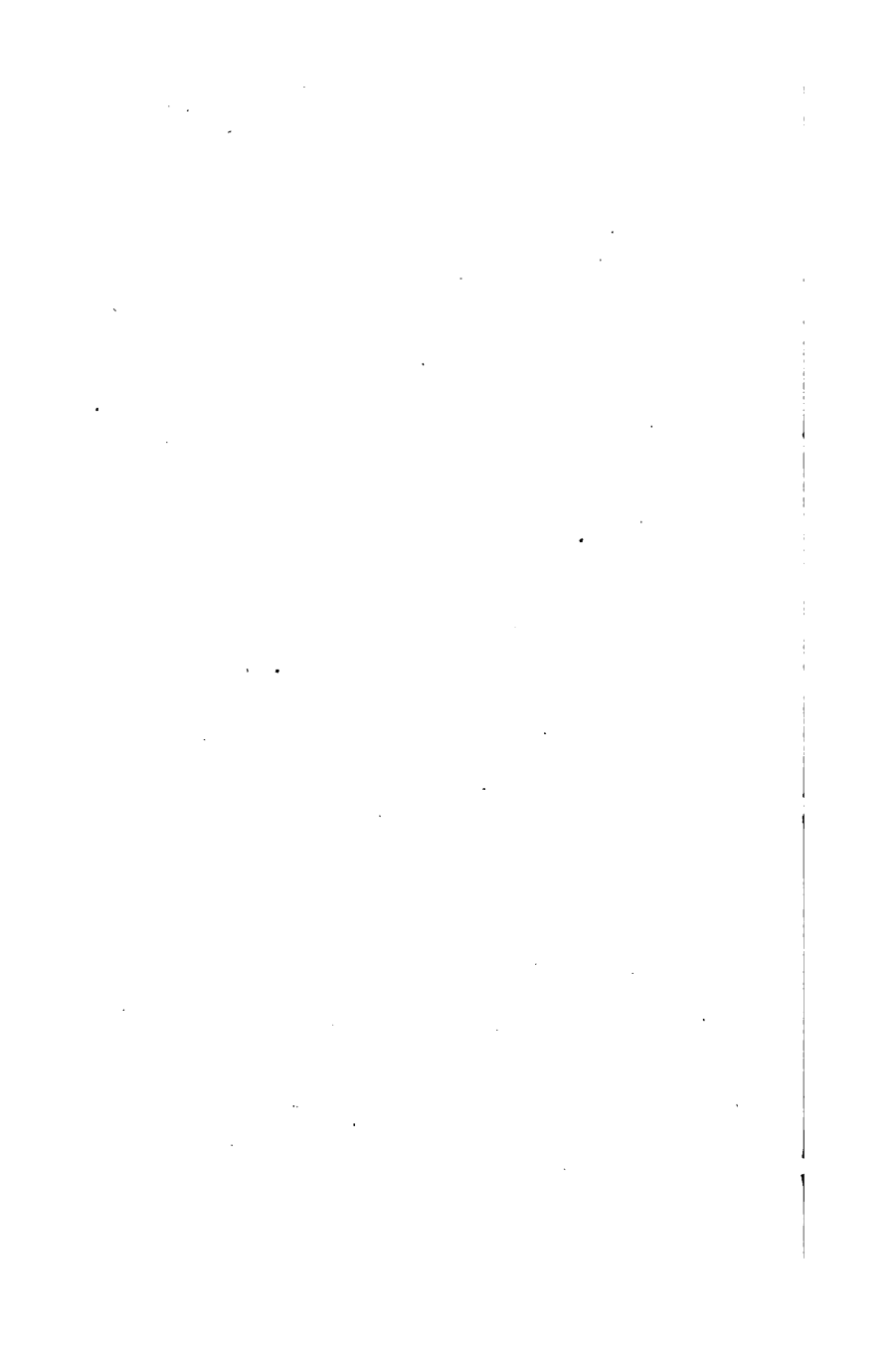
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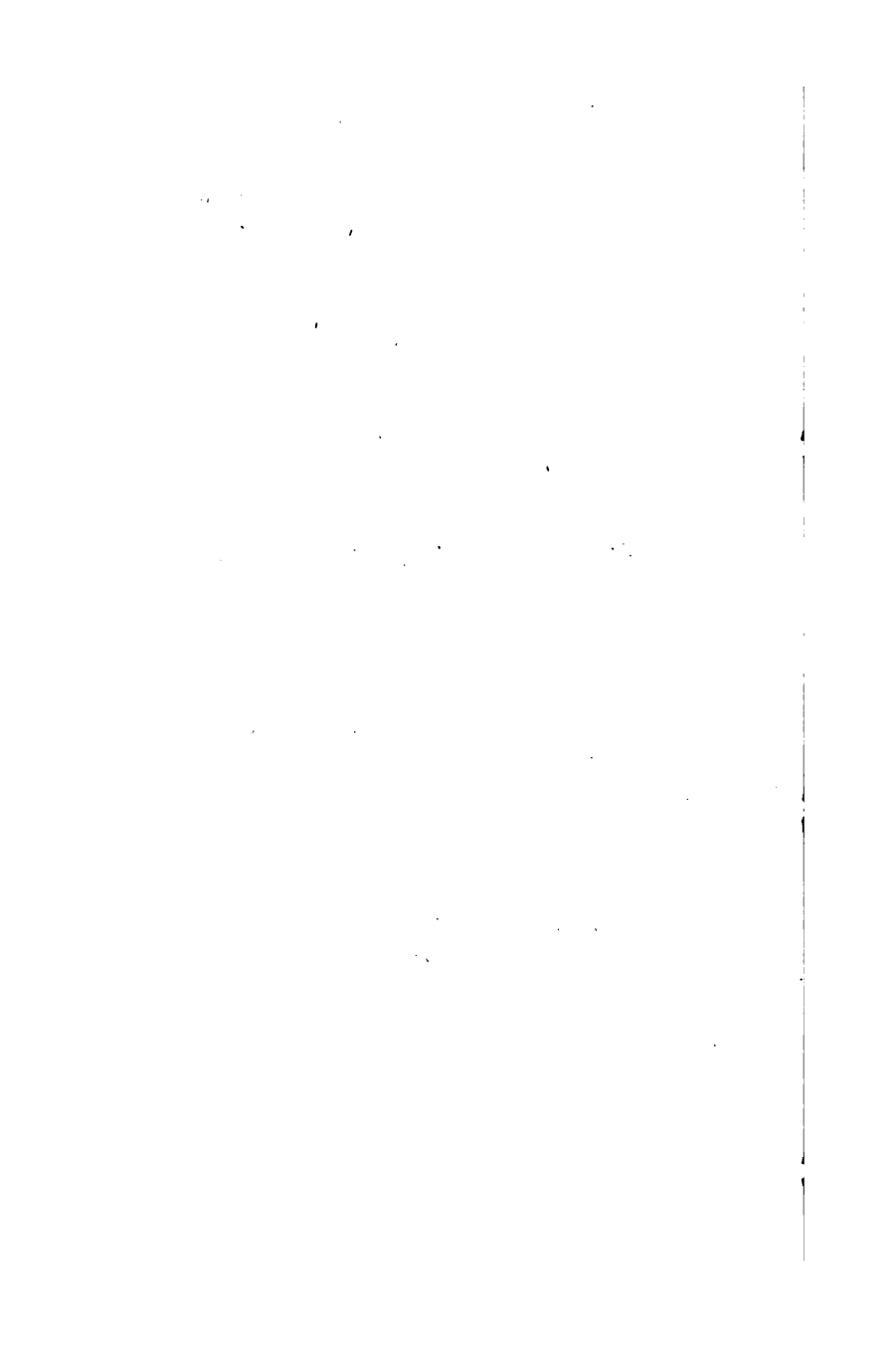
Edmund Spenser.

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VOL. I.

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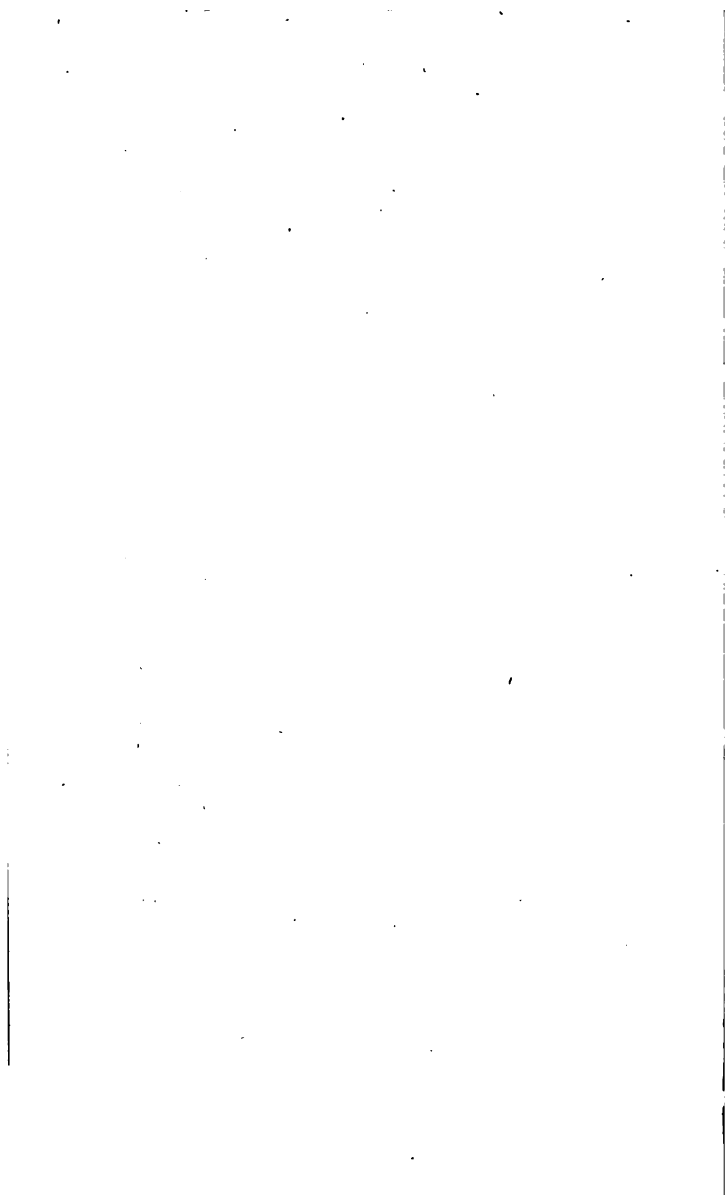
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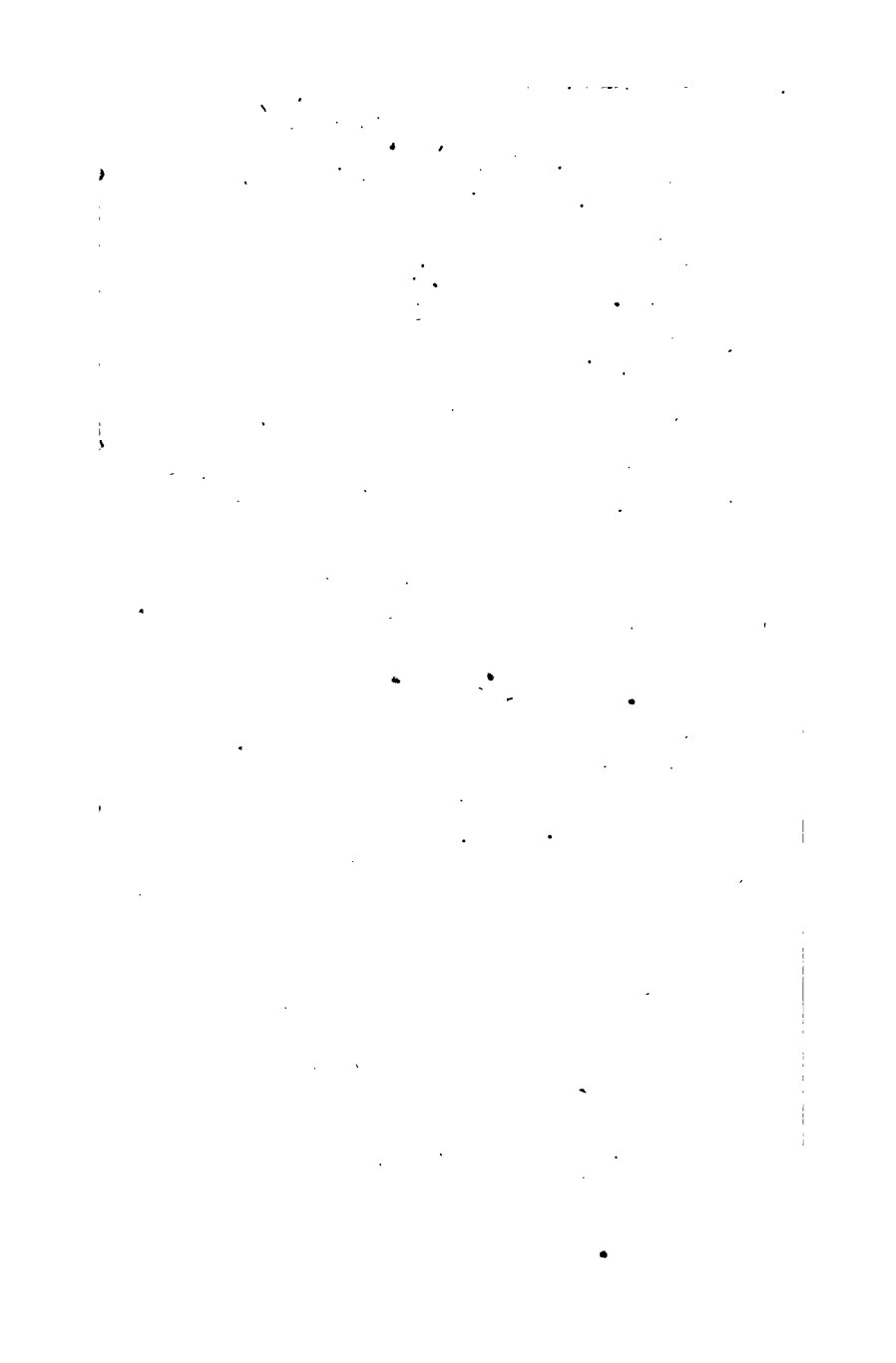
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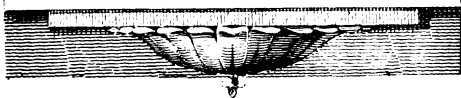




EDMUND SPENSER.

BORN 1553?

DIED 1589.



*Published Jan. 1. 1811. by John Sharpe.  
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THE  
LIFE OF EDMUND SPENSER.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

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**O**F EDMUND SPENSER, one of the brightest stars in the heaven of British poetry, there are so few memorials in existence, that the task of his biographer cannot fail to be performed in an unsatisfactory manner. Though he was undoubtedly the pride and ornament of the age in which he lived, little more than we find in his works has been handled down to us, relative to his habits, his sentiments, and the principal events of his life. Obscurity hangs over far the greater part of the circumstances connected with him from the cradle even to the grave. He was born in East Smithfield, near the Tower of London; and the most probable opinion respecting the date of his birth is that which fixes it in or about the year 1553. Who were his parents, and what was their station in society, remains unknown; but there can be little doubt that he was descended from the ancient and honourable family of the Spensers; a descent to which he more than once alludes, and his claim to which he affirms to have been allowed by some of his noble kindred.

At what school he acquired his early education is

equally unknown. The instruction which he received was, however, such as to qualify him for completing his studies at the university of Cambridge, and must, therefore, not have been negligently or scantily given. He was admitted, on the twentieth of May, 1569, as a sizer of Pembroke Hall; and, as the sizers are the lowest order of students, this may be considered as a sufficient proof that his parents were not opulent. He attained the degree of Bachelor of Arts on the sixteenth of January, 1572-3, and that of Master of Arts on the twentieth of June, 1576. Of the events of his college life the only trace which remains is, that he contracted a close and lasting friendship with Gabriel Harvey, a man of acknowledged talent, and of scarcely less bitterness than talent, who is well known as a writer of the age of Elizabeth. "That Spenser," says Mr. Todd, "cultivated with successful attention, what is useful as well as elegant in academical learning, is evident by the abundance of classical allusions in his works, and by the accustomed moral of his song." There is reason to believe, too, that his poetical talent was manifested during his residence at Cambridge. Some anonymous poems, in the *Theatre of Worldlings*, which was published in 1569, are obviously the same which, altered and retouched, he, at a later period, gave to the world under the title of his *Visions*.

From some unascertainable cause, Spenser, probably soon after his having taken his Master's degree, seems to have quitted the university in disgust. It has been asserted, that his resolution to withdraw was adopted in consequence of his having failed in a competition for a fellowship with Andrews, subsequently the celebrated bishop. This, however, is manifestly erroneous; as the rival of Andrews was Thomas Dove, who was afterwards bishop of Peterborough. It is rather to be imagined that the want

of fortune, the small prospect of further advancement, or some disagreement with the head of his college, gave occasion to his departure. The last supposition is the most probable one, as, though he often mentions the university in terms of affection, he preserves an unbroken silence with respect to that particular member of it to which he belonged. There is also a passage, in one of Harvey's letters to him, which seems to allude to this subject, and which, if only one half of it be true, will show that the poet's situation at Pembroke Hall was not likely to be tolerable to a man of feeling and spirit. "And wil you," says Harvey, "needes have my testimoniall of youre old Centrollers new behaviour? A busy and dizey heade; a brazen forehead; a leddem brain; a wooden wit; a copper face; a stony breast; a factious and elvish heart; a founder of novelties; a confounder of his owne and his friends good gifts; a morning bookeworm; an afternoone maltworm; a right juggler, as ful of his sleights, wyles, fetches, casts of legerdemaine, toyes to mocke apes withal, odde shifts, and knavish practizes as his skin can holde."

On leaving the university, Spenser, it is said, went to reside with some relations in the north of England. In the absence of evidence, it would be useless to discuss, as others have done, whether he became a mere pensioner on the bounty of his friends, or whether he repaid them by acting as a tutor to one of the younger branches of the family. There is nothing in the known circumstances of Spenser's life, which can induce us to believe that he had a mind capable of submitting to any thing that was calculated to degrade him. It is at least certain, that, during his retirement, he was not idle; several of his poems, and some works which are lost, having been composed while he was thus living in seclusion.

But the event which imparts the greatest share of

interest to his stay in the north is, that he there became enamoured of a lady, whom he has immortalized under the name of Rosalind. That she was not blind to the poetical merit of her lover, we have the testimony of Harvey, who declares, that "gentle Mistresse Rosalinde once reported Spenser to have all the Intelligences at commaundement, and another time christened him Segnior Pegaso." She appears, indeed, to have first encouraged his passion, and then dishonourably deserted him for a rival. The hapless poet, like his patron deity, "grasped at love, but filled his arms with bays;" and he felt his disappointment so severely, that many years elapsed before he again resigned his senses to the blandishments of beauty.

By the advice of Harvey, Spenser now quitted the country, and took up his abode in London. The same friend also introduced him to the gallant, generous, and accomplished Sidney, by whom he was warmly patronized, and invited to the family seat, at Penshurst, in Kent. The year 1578 is said to be that in which he removed from the north,

At Penshurst it is probable that he put the finishing hand to the Shepherd's Calendar; the eleventh eclogue of which is conjectured to have been written there. The Calendar was published in 1579; and, with the modest signature of Immerito, was dedicated to "Maister Philip Sidney." It acquired for the author a high reputation among those who were acquainted with it, but neither his name nor his work appear at first to have become generally known. In those days the diffusion of literary intelligence was more slowly performed than it now is. Five editions were, however, sold during the life of Spenser.

These facts destroy the well-known story respecting the commencement of the intimacy between Spenser and Sidney; a story so romantic, that it is scarcely possible to avoid regretting that it has no

foundation in truth. It relates, that the poet came one morning, an uniatroduced stranger, into the presence of Sidney, at Leicester House, and presented to him the ninth canto of the first book of the *Faery Queen*, which contains the beautiful allegory of Despair. By one stanza, Sidney was so charmed, that he ordered fifty pounds to be given to the author; he doubled the sum when he had read a second; and he raised his gift to two hundred when he had perused a third; directing his steward, at the same time, to pay the money instantly, lest he should be led by a further delay to lavish his whole estate. The tale is amusing, it is not uncharacteristic, but, unfortunately, it is nothing more than a fiction.

Even the whimsies of those to whom we are bound by the ties of affection and gratitude, frequently seem to have their very nature changed, and become pleasing in our eyes. The friendship which subsisted between Sidney and Spenser probably induced the latter to adopt his patron's wild, immelodious, and impracticable system of introducing the Roman metres into English poetry. "And nowe," says Spenser, speaking of Sidney and Sir Edward Dyer, "they have proclaimed in their ἀμύχανῳ a general surceasing and silence of balde rymers, and also of the verie best to: in steade whereof, they have, by authoritie of their whole senate, prescribed certain lawes and rules of quantities of English sillables for English verse: having had thereof already great practise, and drawn mee to their faction."

What was the success of Spenser, in these new fangled "laws and rules of quantities," the reader may now see in the following harsh and halting Iambics; which, says the author, somewhat rashly, "I dare warrant they be precisely perfect, for the feete, (as you can easily judge) and varie not one inch from the rule."

## IAMBICUM TRIMETRICUM.

" Unhappie Verse ! the witsse of my unhappie state,  
Make thyselfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying  
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love whersoever she be :

" Whether lying reastlesse in heavy bedde, or else  
Sitting so cheereless at the cheerfull boorde, or else  
Playing alone carelesse on her heavenlie virginals.

" If in bed ; tell her, that my eyes can take no reate ;  
If at boorde ; tell hir, that my mouth can eate no meate :  
If at her virginals ; tell hir, I can heare no mirth.

" Asked why ? say, waking love suffereth no sleepe :  
Say, that raging love dothe appall the weake stomacke :  
Say, that lamenting love marreth the musicall.

" Tell hir, that hir pleasures were wont to lull me asleepe :  
Tell hir, that hir beantie was wonte to feede mine eyes :  
Tell hir, that hir sweete tongue was wonte to make me mirth.

" Now doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindly reste:  
Now do I dayly starve, wanting my lively foode :  
Now do I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth.

" And if I waste, who will bewaile my heavy chance ?  
And if I starve, who will record my cursed end ?  
And if I dye, who will say, *This was Immerito ?*"

If the reader be not already tired of these " follies of the wise," he may gratify his curiosity still further by the following Tetrasticon, and Couplet, which are the sole remaining, and were perhaps the last, efforts that the poet made to cramp his thoughts into what he denominates " this artificial straightnesse of verse."

## TETRASTICON.

" See yee the blinfoulded pretie god, that feathered archer,  
Of lovers miseries which maketh his bloodie game ?  
Wote ye why, his moother with a veale hath covered his face ?  
Truste me, least he my Looove happely chauce to beholde"—

## COUPLET.

"That which I eate, did I loy, and that which I greedily gorged;  
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others."

Yet, while he was thus labouring to impose Roman chains on the British tongue, he appears not to have been wholly insensible to the difficulty and absurdity of the attempt; and, accordingly, notwithstanding his fondness for English Hexameters and Pentameters, he describes one of their defects in terms as ludicrous as any determined enemy of the new system could possibly have chosen for the purpose of satire. "For the onely, or chiefest hardnesse," says he "whyche seemeth, is in the accent; whyche sometime gapeth, and as it were yawneth illfavouredly; comming shorte of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the number, as in *Carpenter*, the middle sillable being used shorte in speeche, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling, that draweth one legge after hir: and *Heaven*, being used short as one sillable when it is in verse, stretched out with a diastole, is like a lame dogge that holdes up one legge." He comforts himself, however, with the idea that "it is to be wonne with custome, and rough words must be subdued with use." Fortunately for the lovers of poetry, the literature of his country, and his own fame, he did not persist in the scheme of subjugation.

The friendship of Sidney was, however, productive of something more beneficial to Spenser than novel forms of verse. It cannot be doubted that the poet experienced the liberality of that munificent encourager of every kind of intellectual excellence. Nor was this the only benefit which Sidney conferred upon him. He recommended him to his potent uncle, the earl of Leicester, who received him graciously, and soon bestowed on him his entire confidence. As a proof of this, Leicester chose him to



fill an employment, which is said to have been the delicate one of acting as his agent in France and other foreign countries. In October, 1579, Spenser was in daily expectation of entering on his mission. "I beseeche you by all your curtesies and graces," says he, in a letter to Harvey, "let me be answered ere I goe; which will be (I hope, I feare, I thinke) the next weeke, if I can be dispatched of my Lorde. I goe thither, as sent by him, and maintained most-what of him: and there am to employ my time, my body, my minde, to his honours service." There is, however, reason to believe that the design of sending Spenser to the continent was never carried into effect. This disappointment, whatever was its cause, Harvey appears to have foreseen; for, in his answer to Spenser, he says, "As for your speedy and hasty travell, methinks I dare stil wager al the books and writings in my study, which you know I esteeme of greater value than al the golde and silver in my purse or chest, that you wil not, that you shall not, I saye, be gone over sea, for al your saying, neither the next nor the nexte weeke."

Spenser, however, was soon after provided with an office of more importance; for which it is likely that he was indebted to the influence of Leicester. In July, 1580, Arthur Lord Grey, of Wilton, was appointed lord deputy of Ireland, and he took Spenser with him to that country as his Secretary. In 1582 Lord Grey was recalled, and it is probable that Spenser returned with him to England. That the peer was his firm friend, and bountiful patron, or, as he emphatically declares, "the pillar of his life," the poet has himself recorded. The kindness of Lord Grey was amply repaid by the gratitude of Spenser, who, in his writings, never suffers an opportunity to escape of vindicating the fame, and enhancing the glory, of his noble protector.

Subsequently to the date of his return to his native

land, there is a blank of four years in the life of the poet. There is reason to believe that this period was spent in that wearisome and soul-sickening attendance upon the court, the miseries of which he has so forcibly described in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. That his high spirit poignantly felt all the disgust which, in such minds as his, such a situation must excite, is obvious from the pointedness of the language which he uses :—

“ Most miserable man, whom wicked Fate  
Hath brought to Court, to sue for *had-gvist*,  
That few have found, and manie one hath mist !  
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,  
What hell it is, in suing long to bide :  
To lose good dayes, that might be better spent ;  
To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;  
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow ;  
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres ;  
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeares ;  
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;  
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse despair ;  
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.  
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,  
That doth his life in so long tendance spend !”

To the malignant hostility of Burleigh is attributed, and apparently with justice, the protracted alternation of hope and fear in which Spenser was held. An attempt has been made to rescue the cold blooded and tasteless statesman from the disgrace of this charge ; but the attempt is, in my opinion, more commendable for its good nature than remarkable for its success. The cause of Burleigh's dislike of him is traced, by some biographers, to Spenser's connection with his political opponents, the earls of Leicester and Essex, and to the poet's praise of Archbishop Grindal, to whom Burleigh was an enemy. Spenser himself, in the *Fairy Queen*, plainly

intimates that the statesman had a contempt of poetry, especially amatory poetry; and, in the Ruins of Time, he utters against him a poetical imprecation, which has been amply ratified:

“ O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,  
Nor alive nor dead be by the Muse adorned.”

At length the solicitation of Spenser and his friends was favourably heard. In June, 1586, he received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of three thousand and twenty-eight acres of land, forming a part of the large forfeited estates of the earl of Desmond, in the county of Cork. It has been remarked by Mr. Ellis, and his remark has been echoed by others, that he who, at the age of thirty-three, obtained so liberal a grant, could have little reason to deplore the hardness of his fate. But, surely, he who had “ besieged court favour” daily throughout four years, and had, in consequence, been compelled to endure the neglect or the contumely of those who by nature were his inferiors, might well be excused for giving vent to complaint, and feeling that heavy sickness of the heart which is brought on by hopes deferred.

The joy of Spenser was, in the course of a few months, sorely damped by the untimely death of one of his firmest and dearest friends. In October, the gallant Sidney was slain at Zutphen. Among the many votaries of the Muses who paid the tribute of praise and affection to the deceased hero, was Spenser, who dedicated to his memory the pastoral elegy which bears the title of *Astrophel*.

It being one of the conditions of Elizabeth’s grant, that the holder of it should cultivate the land assigned to him, Spenser now repaired to Ireland, to reside upon his newly acquired property. The bounty which had been extended to him was indeed princely; but it was not unconnected with circumstances well calculated to moderate his pleasure.

His future residence was to be, not merely in an uncivilized, but absolutely in a hostile country, where each native considered an Englishman as at once a robber and a tyrant, who added insult to injury, and who ought, on the first fair opportunity, to be expelled, and, if possible, destroyed. He has himself, in his View of Ireland; forcibly described the feelings of the Irish. Speaking of Protestant ministers, "what comfort of life," says he, "shall he have, where his parishioners are so insatiable, so intractable, so ill-affected to him, as they usuall bee to all the English; or finally, how dare almost any honest minister, that are peaceable civill men, *commit his safetie to the handes of such neighbours, as the boldest captaines dare scarcely dwell by?*" Yet, if we may judge from a hint given in the same tract, even to this unenviable situation he did not attain without some difficulty. The earl of Desmond had conveyed away all his lands in trust, previously to his taking up arms; and, though an act of parliament had nullified the conveyance, many obstacles seem to have been thrown in the way of the law. That such obstacles would be interposed could scarcely have been unforeseen, for the law had a general and retrospective effect on no less than the preceding twelve years, and must thus have involved many innocent persons in utter ruin. "How hardly that act of parliament was wrought out of them," says Spenser, "I can witnesse; and, were it to be passed againe, I dare undertake it would never be compassed."

At last, however, Spenser appears to have been settled in as much quiet as it was possible to enjoy in so disturbed a country. His dwelling-place was Kicolman Castle, two miles from Doneraile, in the county of Cork, a spot of which every lover of poetry must be anxious to form some idea. "The castle,"

says Smith, in his history of the county, "is now almost level with the ground. It was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford mountains; Bally-howra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the south; and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds."

Beautiful as was the scenery around him, and who was ever more capable than Spenser of feeling all its beauty? it is obvious, from evidence furnished by his writings, that he was not soon, if at all, reconciled to his new situation. In his "Colin Clout's come home again," he evidently puts his own sentiments respecting it into the mouth of Raleigh. "He," says the poet,

" — gan to cast great lyking to my lore,  
And great dislyking to my luckless lot,  
That banisht had myselfe, like wight forlore,  
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.  
The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld mee,  
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardful,  
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see;  
Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull —  
So that with hope of good, and hate of ill,  
He me perswaded forth with him to fare."

Language of dislike stronger than this it is scarcely possible to use. Yet Spenser had lived three years in Ireland before he was visited by Raleigh; and the poem which thus makes known his disgust, though probably written some years before it was sent to

the press, was not published till six years after Raleigh's visit. Some of the Sonnets prefixed to the *Fairy Queen* also mention Ireland in the same contemptuous and murmuring strain: they denominate it a "salvage soyl, which with brutish barbarism is overspredd."

In Ireland, however, his great work, the *Fairy Queen*, which was confessedly meant to emulate, if not to surpass, the *Orlando* of Ariosto, was partly composed. It was commenced several years before he left England; for, as early as the spring of 1580, he requests his friend Harvey to return a portion of it, which he had communicated to him, in order to obtain his "long-expected judgment" upon its merit. The reply of Harvey was of the most discouraging kind, and does little honour to his taste; unless, indeed, we may suppose that the stanzas which he saw were some of the least attractive in the poem. As he afterwards came forward with a commendatory copy of verses, to prefix to the first three books, it is, in fact, probable that either he did not originally see the finest passages of the work, or that considerable corrections were subsequently made by the author. The defects of the sketch might be removed in finishing the picture. Harvey, in one of his letters, delicately hints that his friend was reluctant to bestow the labour which was requisite to polish his compositions.

In 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh, with whom Spenser had formed an intimacy on his first arrival in Ireland, visited, and made some stay at Kilcolman, and finally prevailed on the poet to accompany him to England, for the purpose of putting to press the *Fairy Queen*. The first three books were accordingly published early in 1590. The result was, that Spenser was introduced to the queen, who applauded his strains, and that he was thenceforth looked upon as holding

the first place among the poetical writers of that poetical age. Nor did Elizabeth reward him with empty praise alone. In the February of the ensuing year she conferred on him an annual pension of fifty pounds, no trivial sum at that period ; and though he did not formally receive the title of Laureate, he seems generally to have been considered as the possessor of the office.

Crowned with honour, and probably not without profit, Spenser returned to Kilcolman, soon after the publication of his great work. His name being now a passport to success, the publisher of *The Fairy Queen* collected together, in 1593, several of the author's minor poems, and gave them to the world, under the title of "*Complaints, containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie.*" The pieces included in this volume were, *The Ruines of Time* ; *The Tears of the Muses* ; *Virgil's Gnat* ; *Protopoia, or Mother Hubbard's Tale* ; *The Ruines of Rome, by Bellay* ; *Muipotmos, or the Tale of the Butterflie* ; *Visions of the World's Vanitie* ; *Bellayes Visions* ; and *Petrarch's Visions*. In the prefatory address "to the gentle reader" mention is made of several of Spenser's compositions, which are now unfortunately lost.

The elegy called *Daphnaida* was published in 1592. His next productions were the pastoral of *Colin Clout's come home again*, and the pastoral elegy of *Astrophel*. I agree with Mr. Todd in his opinion, that they did not appear till 1595 ; though the latter poem was probably written several years before. The *Amoretti, or Sonnets*, and the *Epithalamion*, which accompanied them, seem to have been given to the public in the same year.

The *Sonnets* and the *Epithalamium* were inspired by the charms of the lady whom the poet married. All that is known with certainty respecting the circum-

stances of his courtship and marriage is, that the name of his mistress was Elizabeth, and that the nuptial ceremony was performed in Ireland, on St. Barnabas's day. Mr. Todd, apparently on good grounds, fixes upon the year 1594, as being that in which Spenser became a husband. At least three children were the fruits of this union, two of whom, Silvanus and Peregrine, survived their father.

With the double purpose, perhaps, of soliciting the court, and of superintending the printing of the works which he had prepared for the press, Spenser, in 1596, again visited England. The dedication to his *Four Hymns on Love and Beauty*, is dated from Greenwich, on the first of September. About the same period he likewise printed his *Prothalamion*, on the marriage of ladies Elizabeth and Catherine Somerset. But the crowning labour of the year was the publication of the second part of *The Fairy Queen*, which was sent forth along with a new edition of the former part.

To complete the poem, six books are yet wanting. It has been a subject of warm dispute, whether those books were composed or not. On one side, it has been positively affirmed, that they were finished, and that they were lost by a servant on his passage from Ireland; and this, on the other side, has been no less positively denied. Two imperfect cantos, "*Of Mutabilitie*," as a part of a lost book, entitled *The Legend of Constancy*," were given to the public in 1609; and their beauty is such as to excite deep regret that no more could be found. However apocryphal may be the story told respecting the servant, it is certain that some of Spenser's manuscripts were destroyed, when his mansion was burned; and it is more than probable that among them might be considerable portions of the concluding books of *The Fairy Queen*. Some of the disputants upon this



question have argued as if such a poem must necessarily be written strait forward; an absurd idea, which does not merit refutation. When his plan is once drawn out, and especially when, as in this case, the work consists of a series of narratives slightly connected with each other, no reason can be assigned why the poet may not, at pleasure, labour as well on the final as on the initial cantos.

To the year 1596, and to that part of it during which he resided in England, must be referred the composition, or at least the completion, of Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*. More praise is due to the talent displayed in this tract than to its moderation or justice. Ireland has no cause to venerate the memory of Spenser. His work breathes almost throughout a spirit of rancour against that misgoverned and unhappy country. Perhaps it was as a reward for this work that, about this time, he was appointed Clerk of the Council of Munster, the yearly profits of which office were estimated at twenty pounds. If so, he does not seem to have been satisfied with his recompense; for, in the "*Prothalamion*," he talks of his "sullen care," occasioned by his "long fruitless stay in princes' court, and expectation vain of idle hope."

He returned to Ireland in 1597; and, in the following year, was on the point of being raised to the honourable situation of sheriff of Cork, when the storm of misfortune burst upon him with unexpected and overwhelming fury. The rebellion of Tyrone broke out in October, 1598, and one of the first consequences of it was, that the hapless poet was compelled to fly with such precipitancy that one of his infants was left behind. After having plundered the castle, the rebels destroyed it by fire, and the child perished in the flames. Spenser fled to England, but his heart was broken, and he expired on the six-

teenth of the following January. He died in King-street, Westminster, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the charge of the earl of Essex. Thirty years after his decease, a monument was erected to his memory by Anne, countess of Dorset\*.

It has been imagined that Spenser died in a state of poverty, if not of absolute want. For this belief there seems to be no other foundation than the exaggerated language used by some of his poetical encomiasts. That, by the sudden loss of his property, he was much embarrassed, there can be little doubt; but it is not to be credited, that, even supposing him to have saved nothing from the wreck in Ireland, his many powerful friends would suffer him to feel the pressure of want; and he had, besides, the certain resource of the pension which his sovereign had bestowed on him.

The erudition of Spenser was superior to that of any of his contemporaries; his moral character appears to have been unstained; and, though little information has been handed down to us respecting his private life, it is obvious that he who was so extensively beloved, who had, indeed, no enemies, and who was warmly praised even by those who might have been tempted to envy him as a successful rival, must have been no less estimable for his social virtues, than remarkable for the vast extent of his learning, the vigour of his intellect, and the splendor of his genius.

The character of Spenser, as a poet, is drawn by

\* The following is a list of the lost works of Spenser:—His translation of Ecclesiastes; of *Canticum Canticorum*; The Dying Pelican; The Hours of our Lord; The Sacrifice of a Sinner; The Seven Psalms; Dreams; The English Poet; Legends; The Court of Cupid; The Hell of Lovers; His Purgatory; A Sennight's Slumber; Pageants; Nine Comedies; *Stemmata Dudleiana*; *Epithalamion Thamesis*.

Mr. Campbell in so masterly a manner, and so entirely agrees with my opinion on the subject, that the reader will doubtless thank me for quoting it, rather than expressing the same sentiments in less graceful language.

“Among the numerous poets belonging exclusively to Elizabeth’s reign, Spenser stands without a class and without a rival. He brought to the subject of ‘The Fairy Queen,’ a new and enlarged structure of stanza, elaborate and intricate, but well contrived for sustaining the attention of the ear, and concluding with a majestic cadence. In the other poets of Spenser’s age we chiefly admire their language, when it seems casually to advance into modern polished succinctness. But the antiquity of Spenser’s style has a peculiar charm. The mistaken opinion that Ben Jonson censured the antiquity of the diction in the ‘Fairy Queen’ has been corrected by Mr. Malone, who pronounces it to be exactly that of his contemporaries. His authority is weighty; still, however, without reviving the exploded error respecting Jonson’s censure, one might imagine the difference of Spenser’s style from that of Shakspeare’s, whom he so shortly preceded, to indicate that his gothic subject and story made him lean towards words of the elder time. At all events, much of his expression is now become antiquated, though it is beautiful in its antiquity, and like the moss and ivy on some majestic building, covers the fabric of his language with romantic and venerable associations.

“His command of imagery is wide, easy, and luxuriant. He threw the soul of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive, than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been since. It must certainly be owned, that in description he exhibits nothing of the brief strokes and robust power which

characterise the very greatest poets ; but we shall nowhere find more airy expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colours of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry. His fancy teems exuberantly in minuteness of circumstance, like a fertile soil sending bloom and verdure through the utmost extremity of the foliage which it nourishes. On a comprehensive view of the whole work, we certainly miss the charm of strength, symmetry, and rapid or interesting progress ; for, though the plan which the poet designed is not completed, it is easy to see that no additional cantos could have rendered it less perplexed. But still there is a richness in his materials, even where their coherence is loose, and their disposition confused. The clouds of his allegory may seem to spread into shapeless forms, but they are still the clouds of a glowing atmosphere. Though his story grows desultory, the sweetness and grace of his manner still abide by him. He is like a speaker whose tones continue to be pleasing, though he may speak too long ; or like a painter who makes us forget the defect of his design, by the magic of his colouring. We always rise from perusing him with melody in the mind's ear, and with pictures of romantic beauty impressed on the imagination.

“ For these attractions the ‘ Fairy Queen ’ will ever continue to be resorted to by the poetical student. It is not, however, very popularly read, and seldom, perhaps, from beginning to end, even by those who can fully appreciate its beauties. This cannot be ascribed merely to its presenting a few words which are now obsolete ; nor can it be owing, as has been sometimes alleged, to the tedium inseparable from protracted allegory. Allegorical fable may be made very entertaining. With every disadvantage of dress and language, the humble John Bunyan has made this species of writing very amusing. \* \* \* ”

“ Had Spenser, with all the wealth and graces of his fancy, given his story a more implicit and animated form, I cannot believe that there was any thing in his machinery to set bounds to his power of enchantment. Yet, delicious as his poetry is, his story, considered as a romance, is obscure, intricate, and monotonous. He translated entire cantos from Tasso, but adopted the wild and irregular manner of Ariosto. The difference is, that Spenser appears, like a civilized being, slow, and sometimes half forlorn, in exploring an uninhabited country, while Ariosto traverses the regions of romance like a hardy native of its pathless wilds. Hurd and others, who forbid us to judge of the ‘ Fairy Queen’ by the test of classical unity, and who compare it to a gothic church, or a gothic garden, tell us what is little to the purpose. They cannot persuade us that the story is not too intricate and too diffuse. The thread of the narrative is so entangled, that the poet saw the necessity of explaining the design of his poem in prose, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh; and the perspicuity of a poetical design, which requires such an explanation, may, with no great severity, be pronounced a contradiction in terms. It is degrading to poetry, we shall perhaps be told, to attach importance to the mere story which it relates. Certainly the poet is not a great one, whose only charm is the management of his fable; but where there is a fable, it should be perspicuous.

“ There is one peculiarity in the ‘ Fairy Queen’ which, though not a deeply pervading defect, I cannot help considering as an incidental blemish: namely, that the allegory is doubled and crossed with complimentary allusions to living or recent personages, and that the agents are partly allegorical. In some instances the characters have a three fold allusion. Gloriana is at once an emblem of true glory, an empress of fairy land, and her majesty

Queen Elizabeth. Envy is a personified passion, and also a witch, and, with no very charitable insinuation, a type of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The knight in dangerous distress is Henry IV. of France; and the knight of magnificence, Prince Arthur, the son of Uther Pendragon, an ancient British hero, is the bulwark of the Protestant cause in the Netherlands. Such distraction of allegory cannot well be said to make a fair experiment of its power. The poet may cover his moral meaning under a single and transparent veil of fiction; but he has no right to muffle it up in foldings which hide the form and symmetry of truth.

“ Upon the whole, if I may presume to measure the imperfections of so great and venerable a genius, I think we may say, that if his popularity be less than universal and complete, it is not so much owing to his obsolete language, nor to degeneracy of modern taste, nor to his choice of allegory as a subject, as to the want of that consolidating and crowning strength, which alone can establish works of fiction in the favour of all readers and of all ages. This want of strength, it is but justice to say, is either solely or chiefly apparent when we examine the entire structure of his poem, or so large a portion of it as to feel that it does not impel or sustain our curiosity in proportion to its length. To the beauty of insulated passages who can be blind? The sublime description of ‘*Him who with the night durst ride,*’ ‘*The House of Riches,*’ ‘*The Canto of Jealousy,*’ ‘*the Masque of Cupid,*’ and other parts, too many to enumerate, are so splendid, that after reading them, we feel it for the moment invidious to ask if they are symmetrically united into a whole. Succeeding generations have acknowledged the pathos and richness of his strains, and the new contour and enlarged dimensions of grace which he gave to English poetry.

He is the poetical father of a Milton and a Thomson. Gray habitually read him when he wished to frame his thoughts for composition, and there are few eminent poets in the language who have not been essentially indebted to him.

‘ Hither, as to their fountains, other stars  
Repair, and in their urns draw golden light.’ ”

THE  
**FAERIE QUEENE,**  
DISPOSED INTO  
TWELVE BOOKES,  
FASHIONING  
XII. MORALL VERTUES.

VOL. I.

B



TO  
THE MOST HIGH MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT  
EMPRESSE  
RENOWMED FOR PIETIE VERTVE AND ALL  
GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT

**ELIZABETH**

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE OF ENGLAND

FRAVNCE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA

DEFENDOUR OF THE FAITH ETC.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT

**EDMVND SPENSER**

DOTH IN ALL HUMILITIE

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.





*Published Jan. 1. 1812. by John Sharpe:  
Peculiarly*

A

## LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

*Expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke ;  
which, for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for  
the better understanding is hereunto annexed.*

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

LO. WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES AND HER MAIESTIES  
LIEFTENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this Booke of mine, which I haue entituled *the Faery Queene*, being a continued Allegory, or darke Conceit, I haue thought good as well for auoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discouer unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end therefore of all the Booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline : which for that I conceiued shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I chose the Historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being

made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of enuy, and suspicion of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique poets historicall; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso disseuered them again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in philosophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named *Politice* in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a braue Knight, perfected in the twelue priuate Morall Vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised; the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes; which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of Politicke Vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seem displeasaunt, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegorical deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a communewelth, such as it

should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a gouernment, such as might best be: so much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to do in the person of Arthure: whom I conceiue, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to haue seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty rashed, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane *Glory* in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine *the Queene*, and her kingdom in *Faery Land*. And yet, in some places els, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe express in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia: Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth *Magnificence* in particular; which Vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that Vertue, which I write of in that Booke. But of the xii. other Vertues, I make xii. other Knights the patrones, for the more

variety of the history: Of which these three Bookes contain three.

The first of the Knight of the Redcrosse, in whom I expresse *Holynes*: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth *Temperance*: The third of Britomartis a Lady Knight, in whome I picture *Chastity*. But, because the beginning of the whole Worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three Knights seuerall Aduentures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the midst, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and diuining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my History, if it were to be told by an historiographer should be the twelfth Booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her annual feaste xii. days; uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. seuerall Aduentures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. seuerall Knights, are in these xii. Books seuerally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might haue the atchiuement of any Aduenture, which during that

feaste should happen. That being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a Dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a Knight, and his speare in the Dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge Dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew: and therefore besought the Faerie Queene to assygne her some one of her Knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that Adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serue him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady. And estesoones taking on him knight-hood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that Adventure: where beginneth the first Booke, viz.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchauntresse called Acrasia: and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some Knight to



performe that Adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second Booke, and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that Adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchaunments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his Love.

But, by occasion hereof, many other Adventures are intermedled; but rather as accidents then intendments: as the Love of Britomart, the Overthrow of Marinell, the Misery of Florimell, the Vertuousnes of Belphebe, the Lasciviousnes of Hellenora; and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History; that, from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handful gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. Ianuary 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER.





SIR PHILIP SYDNEY  
SPENSER'S PATRON.

*Published Jan. 1. 1811. by John Sharpe,  
Printers.*

# VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

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## A VISION

UPON THIS CONCEIPT OF THE FAERY QUEENE.

ME thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,  
Within that Temple where the vestall flame  
Was wont to burne ; and passing by that way  
To see that buried dust of living fame,  
Whose tomb faire Love, and fairer Virtue kept,  
All suddeinly I saw *the Faery Queene* :  
At whose approach the soule of Petrarke wept,  
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene ;  
(For they this *Queene* attended ;) in whose steed  
Oblivion laid him down on Lauras herse :  
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,  
And grones of buried ghostes the heavens did perse :  
Where Homers spright did tremble all for grieffe,  
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall Theife.

W. R.

---

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

THE prayse of meaner wits this Worke like profit  
brings, [sings.  
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena

If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein,  
 Vertue herselfe can best discerne to whom they  
 written bin. [divine

If thou hast Beauty prayd, let Her sole lookes  
 Judge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by Her  
 eine.

If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,  
 Behold Her Princely mind aright, and write *thy*  
*Queene* anew. [tues sore

Meane while She shall perceive, how far Her ver-  
 Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote  
 of yore :

And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will ;  
 Whose vertue can not be exprest but by an Angels  
 quill.

Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,  
 (Of all which speak our English tongue,) but those  
 of thy device.

W. R.

### TO THE LEARNED SHEPHEARD.

COLLYN, I see, by thy new taken taske,  
 Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,  
 That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,  
 And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes :  
 That liftes thy notes from Shepheardes unto Kinges :  
 So like the lively Larke that mounting singes.

Thy lovely Rosalinde seemes now forlorne ;  
 And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight :  
 Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,  
 Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight ;  
 Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well ;  
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes  
 Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers;  
 So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes  
 Delight the daintie eares of higher powers.  
 And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,  
 Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quill.

And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of thine!  
 In whose faire eyes Love linckt with Vertue  
 Enfusing, by those bewties fyers divine, [sittes;  
 Such high conceites in thy humble wittes,  
 As raised hath poore Pastors oaten reedes  
 From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse Knight* with happy hand  
 Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,  
 (Which thou dost vayne in type of *Faery land*,)  
 Elizas blessed field, that Albion hight: [foes,  
 That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie  
 Yet still with people, peace, and plentie, flowes.

But, iolly shepheard, though with pleasing stile  
 Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne,  
 Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,  
 Ne daunted be through envy or disdaine.  
 Subiect thy doome to Her empyring spright,  
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes  
 light.

HOBYNOLL.

---

FAYRE Thamis streame, that from Ludds stately  
 Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas, [towne  
 Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne  
 Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes:  
 Nere this sweet banks there lives that sacred Crowne,

Whose hand strowes palme and never-dying bayes.  
 Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,  
 Present her with this worthy Poets prayes :  
 For he hath taught hie drifts in Shepherdes weedes,  
 And deepe conceites now singes in *Faeries* deedes.  
 R. S.

GRAVE Muses, march in triumph and with prayes ;  
 Our Goddesse here hath given you leave to land ;  
 And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces  
 Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.  
 Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,  
 In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde :  
 So did that great Augustus erst in Roome  
 With leaves of fame adorne his Poets hedde.  
 Faire be the guard to your *Faery Queene*,  
 Even of the fairest that the world liath scene !  
 H. B.

WHEN stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,  
 And what revenge the States of Greece devis'd,  
 Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,  
 In womans weedes himselfe he then disguis'd ;  
 But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,  
 And brought him forth, the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spenser saw the fame was spredd so large,  
 Through *Faery land*, of *their* renowned *Queene*,  
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,  
 As in such haughty matter to be seene ;  
 To seeme a Shepherd then he made his choice ;  
 But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne  
 From his retyred life to menage armes,  
 So Spenser was, by Sidney's speeches, wonne  
 To blaze Her fame, not fearing future harmes :  
 For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred  
 In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,  
 Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeres,  
 So Spenser now, to his immortal prayse,  
 Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feeres.  
 What though his taske exceed a humane witt;  
 He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.

---

To looke upon a worke of rare devise  
 The which a workman setteth out to view,  
 And not to yield it the deserved prise  
 That unto such a workmanship is dew,  
 Doth either prove the iudgement to be naught,  
 Or els doth shew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,  
 Which no man goes about to discommend,  
 Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke  
 Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend :  
 For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,  
 'Tis needless for the Hoast to have a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my iudgement to be such  
 As can discern of colours blacke and white,  
 As alls to free my minde from envies tuch,  
 That never gives to any man his right ;  
 I here pronounce this workmanship is such  
 As that no pen can set it forth too much.



And thus I hang a garland at the dore ;  
 (Not for to shew the goodness of the ware ;  
 But such hath beene the custome heretofore,  
 And customes very hardly broken are ;)
   
 And when your tast shall tell you this is tréw,  
 Then looke you give your Hoast his utmost dew.  
 IGNOTO.

## VERSES

ADDRESSED,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE,  
 TO SEVERAL NOBLEMEN, &c.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON,

LORD HIGH CHAUNCELOER OF ENGLAND, ETC.

THOSE prudent heads, that with their counsels  
 wise

Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,  
 And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise,  
 And in the neck of all the world to rayne ;  
 Oft from those grave affaires were wont abstaine,  
 With the sweet Lady Muses for to play :  
 So Ennius the elder Africane ;  
 So Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay.

So you, great Lord, that with your counsell sway  
 The burdein of this kingdom mightily,  
 With like delightes sometimes may eke delay  
 The rugged brow of carefull Policy;  
 And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,  
 Which for their titles sake may find more grace.  
 E. S.

---

TO THE  
**RIGHT HON. THE LORD BURLEIGH,**  
 LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

To you, Right Noble Lord, whose carefull breast  
 To menage of most grave affaires is bent;  
 And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest  
 The burdein of this kingdome's government,  
 (As the wide compasse of the firmament  
 On Atlas mightie shoulders is upstayd,)  
 Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,  
 The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:  
 Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd, [vew  
 And the dim vele, with which from commune  
 Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,  
 Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to You.  
 Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receave,  
 And wipe their faults out of your censure grave.  
 E. S.

---

TO THE RIGHT HON.  
**THE EARLE OF OXENFORD,**  
 LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAYNE OF ENGLAND, ETC.  
 RECEIVE, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree,  
 The unripe fruit of an unready wit;  
 Which, by thy countenance, doth crave to bee  
 Defended from foule Envies poisonous bit.

Which so to doe may thee right well befit,  
 Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry  
 Under a shady vele is therein writ,  
 And eke thine owne long living memory,  
 Succeeding them in true Nobility :  
 And also for the love which thou doest beare  
 To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee ;  
 They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare :  
 Deare as thou art unto thyselfe, so love  
 That loves and honours thee ; as doth behove.  
 E. S.

---

TO THE RIGHT HON.

### THE EARLE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE sacred Muses have made alwaies clame  
 To be the Nourses of Nobility,  
 And Registres of everlasting fame,  
 To all that armes professe and chevalry.  
 Then, by like right, the noble Progeny,  
 Which them succeed in fame and worth, aretyde  
 T' embrace the service of sweet Poetry,  
 By whose endeavours they are glorifide ;  
 And eke from all, of whom it is envide,  
 To patronize the authour of their praise,  
 Which gives them life, that els would soone  
 have dide,  
 And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.  
 To thee therefore, Right Noble Lord, I send  
 This present of my paines, it to defend.  
 E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

## THE EARLE OF CUMBERLAND.

**REDOUBTED** Lord, in whose corageous mind  
 The flowre of chevalry, now bloosming faire,  
 Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind  
 Which of their praises have left you the haire ;  
**To** you this humble present I prepare,  
 For love of vertue and of martial praise ;  
 To which though nobly ye inclined are,  
 (As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,)

**Yet** brave ensample of long passed daies,  
 In which trew honor ye may fashiond see,  
 To like desire of honor may ye raise,  
 And fill your mind with magnanimitee.  
**Receive** it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,  
 For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

TO THE MOST HON. AND EXCELLENT LORD

## THE EARLE OF ESSEX,

GREAT MAISTER OF THE HORSE TO HER HIGHNESSE, AND  
 KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ETC.

**MAGNIFICKE** Lord, whose vertues excellent  
 Doe merit a most famous Poets witt  
 To be thy living praises instrument ;  
 Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt  
**In** this base Poeme, for thee far unfitt :  
 Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby.  
 But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,

Doe yet but flagg and lowly learne to fly,  
 With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty  
 To the last praises of this Faery Queene ;  
 Then shall it make most famous memory  
 Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene :  
 Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenance  
 To their first labours needed furtheraunce.

E. S.

---

 TO THE RIGHT HON.

## THE EARLE OF ORMOND AND OSSORY.

RECEIVE, most Noble Lord, a simple taste  
 Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath bred ;  
 Which, being through long wars left almost  
     waste,  
 With brutish barbarisme is overspredd :  
 And, in so faire a land as may be redd,  
 Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone,  
 Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,  
 But where thyselfe hast thy brave mansione :  
 There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,  
 And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits ;  
 And in thy person, without paragone,  
 All goodly bountie and true honour sits.  
 Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,  
 Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren  
     field.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

## THE LORD CHARLES HOWARD,

LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND, KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE  
ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HER MAJESTIE'S  
PRIVIE COUNSEL, ETC.

AND ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage  
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,  
Make you ensample, to the present age,  
Of th' old heroës, whose famous offspring  
The antique Poets wont so much to sing;  
In this same Pageaunt have a worthy place,  
Sith those huge castles of Castilian King,  
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,  
Like flying doves ye did before you chace;  
And that proud people, woxen insolent  
Through many victories, didst first deface:  
Thy praises everlasting monument  
Is in this verse engraven semblably,  
That it may live to all posterity.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

## THE LORD OF HUNSDON,

HIGH CHAMBERLAINE TO HER MAJESTY.

RENOWNED Lord, that, for your worthinesse  
And noble deeds, have your deserved place  
High in the favour of that Emperesse,  
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace;  
Here eke of right have you a worthie place,  
Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene,  
And for your owne high merit in like cace:

Of which, apparaunt prooffe was to be seene,  
 When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene  
 Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,  
 And their disloiall powre defaced clene,  
 The record of enduring memory.  
 Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,  
 That all posteritie thy honor may reherse.

E. S.

---

TO THE MOST RENOWNED AND VALIANT LORD,

THE LORD GREY OF WILTON,

KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ETC.

Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,  
 And Patrone of my Muses pupillage;  
 Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife  
 In the first season of my feeble age,  
 I now doe live bound yours by vassalage;  
 (Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave  
 Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage;)  
 Vouchsafe, in worth, this small guift to receave,  
 Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave  
 Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account:  
 Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave  
 In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,  
 And roughly wrought in an unlearned loome:  
 The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable  
 doome.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

**THE LORD OF BUCKHURST,**

ONE OF HER MAJESTIE'S PRIVIE COUNSELL.

IN vain I thinke, Right Honourable Lord,  
 By this rude rime to memorize thy Name,  
 Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record  
 In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:  
 Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)  
 Thy gracious Soverains praises to compile,  
 And her imperiall Majestie to frame  
 In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.  
 But, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while  
 To baser wit his power therein to spend,  
 Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,  
 And unadvised oversights amend.  
 But evermore vouchsafe, it to maintaine  
 Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

E. S.

---

TO THE RIGHT HON.

**SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT,**

PRINCIPALL SECRETARY TO HER MAJESTY, AND ONE OF  
 HER HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNSELL.

THAT Mantuane Poets incompared spirit,  
 Whose girland now is set in highest place,  
 Had not Mecænas, for his worthy merit,  
 It first advaunst to great Augustus grace,  
 Might long perhaps have lien in silence bace,  
 Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.



This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,  
 Flies for like aide unto your patronage,  
 (That are the great Mecænas of this age,  
 As well to all that civil artes professe,  
 As those that are inspir'd with martial rage,)  
 And craves protection of her feeblenesse :  
 Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse  
 In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.  
E. S.

---

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD AND MOST VALIAUNT CAPTAINE,

SIR JOHN NORRIS, KNIGHT,

LORD PRESIDENT OF MOUNSTER.

WHO ever gave more honourable prize  
 To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall crew,  
 That their brave deeds she might immortalize  
 In her shril tromp, and sound their praises dew ?  
 Who then ought more to favour her then you,  
 Most Noble Lord, the honor of this age,  
 And Precedent of all that armes ensue ?  
 Whose warlike prowesse and manly couráge,  
 Tempred with reason and advizement sage,  
 Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile ;  
 In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage ;  
 And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile.  
 Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,  
 Love him that hath eternized your Name.  
E. S.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES, AND LIEFTENAUNT  
OF CORNEWAILE.

To thee, that art the Sommers Nightingale,  
Thy soveraine Goddesses most deare delight,  
Why doe I send this rusticke Madrigale,  
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite ?  
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,  
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her  
bowre,  
And dainty Love learnd sweetly to endite.  
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,  
To tast the streames that, like a golden showre,  
Flow from thy fruitfull head of thy Love's praise ;  
Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall stowe,  
Whenso thee list thy lofty Muse to raise :  
Yet, till that Thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,  
Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus rudely showne.  
E. S.

---

TO THE RIGHT HON. AND MOST VERTUOUS LADY,

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE.

REMEMBRAUNCE of that most heroicke Spirit,  
The heavens pride, the glory of our daies,  
Which now triumpheth (through immortall merit  
Of his brave vertues) crown'd with lasting baies  
Of heavenlie blis and everlasting praies ;  
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,  
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies ;

Bids me, most Noble Lady, to adore  
 His goodly image living evermore  
 In the divine resemblaunce of your face ;  
 Which with your vertues ye embellish more,  
 And native beauty deck with heavenly grace :  
 For His, and for your owne especial sake,  
 Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to  
 take.

E. S.

TO THE MOST VERTUOUS AND BEAUTIFULL LADY,

## THE LADY CAREW.

NE may I, without blot of endlesse blame,  
 You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place ;  
 But, with remembraunce of your gracious Name,  
 (Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye grace  
 And deck the world,) adorne these verses base :  
 Not that these few lines can in them comprise  
 Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,  
 Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes  
 And in subdued harts do tyrannyse ;  
 (For thereunto doth need a golden quill  
 And silver leaves, them rightly to devise ;)  
 But to make humble present of good will :  
 Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase may,  
 In ampler wise itselfe will forth display.

E. S.

TO ALL THE GRATIOUS AND BEAUTIFULL

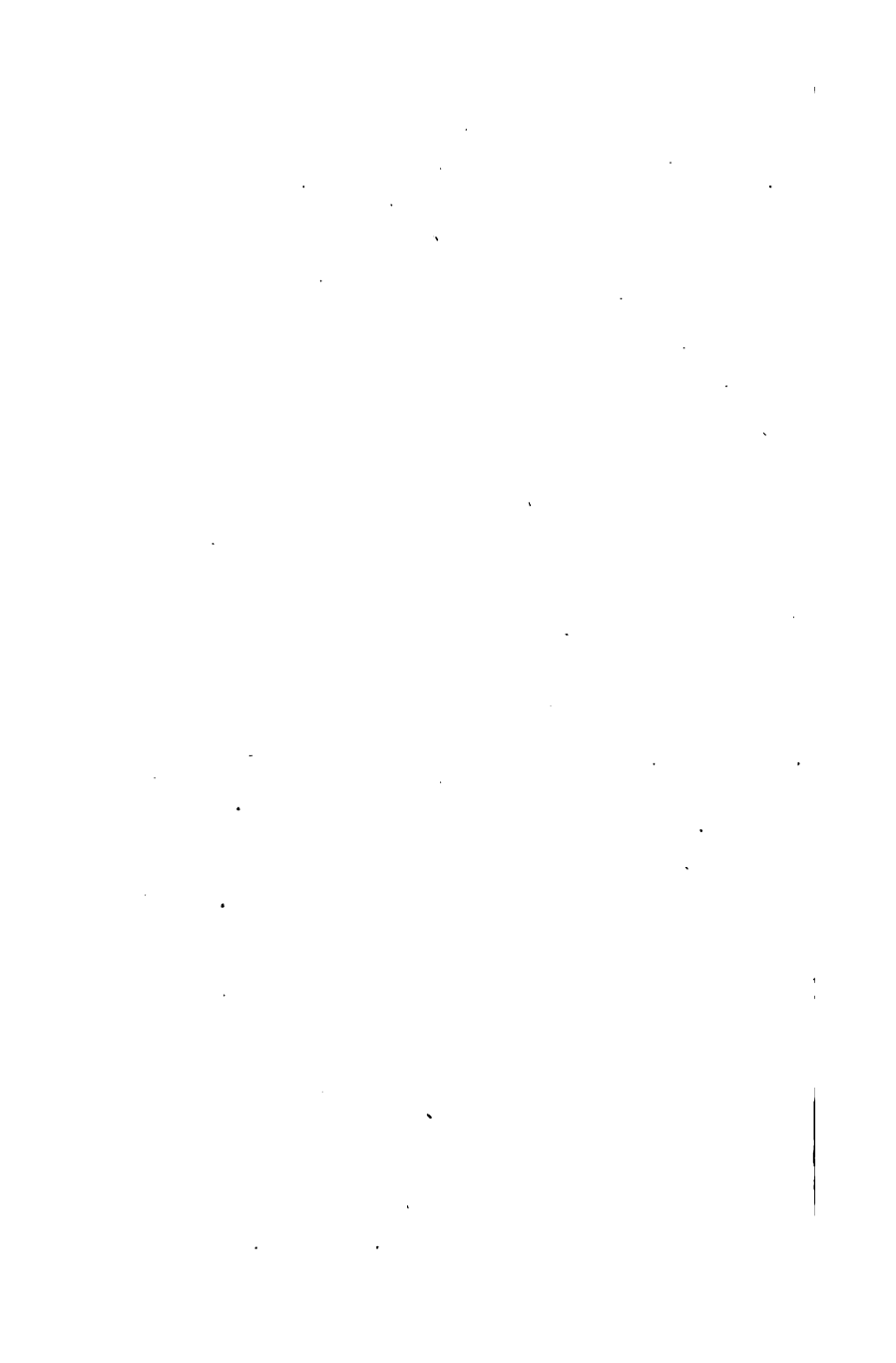
## LADIES IN THE COURT.

THE Chian Peincter, when he was requir'd  
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,  
To make his worke more absolute, desir'd  
Of all the fairest Maides to have the vew.  
Much more me needs, (to draw the semblant trew  
Of Beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonder-  
ment,)

To sharpe my sence with sundry Beauties vew,  
And steale from each some part of ornament.  
If all the world to seeke I overwent,  
A fairer crew yet no where could I see  
Then that brave Court doth to mine eie present;  
That the world's pride seemes gathered there  
to bee.

Of each a part I stole by cunning thefte :  
Forgive it me, faire Dames, sith lesse ye have  
not lefte.

E. S.



THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

The Legend of the Knight of the Red Crosse, or of  
Holiness.

---

I.

Lo ! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,  
As time her taught, in lowly shepherds weeds,  
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,  
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,  
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds ;  
Whose praises having slept in silence long,  
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds  
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng :  
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my  
song.

II.

Help then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,  
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will ;  
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne  
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,  
Of Faerie Knights, and fayrest Tanaquill  
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long  
Sought through the world, and suffered so much  
That I must rue his undeserved wrong : [ill,  
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull  
tong !

## III.

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Love,  
Fair Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart  
At that good Knight so cunningly didst rove  
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;  
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,  
And, with thy mother mylde, come to mine ayde;  
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,  
In loves and gentle iollities arraid,  
After his murderous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

## IV.

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,  
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,  
Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light  
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth  
shine,  
Shed thy fair beames into my feeble eyne,  
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,  
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,  
The Argument of mine afflicted stile :  
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest Dread,  
a while.

## CANTO I.

---

The Patron of true Holinesse  
Foule Errour doth defeate ;  
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,  
Doth to his home entreate.

---

### I.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,  
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,  
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,  
The cruel marks of many a bloody felde ;  
Yet armes till that time did he never wield :  
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,  
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :  
Full lolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,  
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

### II.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,  
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he  
wore,  
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd :  
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,  
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.  
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word ;  
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;  
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.



## III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
(That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond,)  
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have;  
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:  
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne  
To prove his puissance in battell brave  
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;  
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

## IV.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,  
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;  
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide  
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;  
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:  
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,  
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;  
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;  
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

## V.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,  
She was in life and every vertuous lore;  
And by descent from royall lynage came  
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore  
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,  
And all the world in their subjection held;  
Till that infernal Feend with foule uprore  
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;  
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far  
compeld.

## VI.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,  
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,  
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,  
And angry Love an hideous storme of raine  
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,  
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;  
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves  
were fain.

## VII.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,  
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,  
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;  
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,  
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,  
Not perceable with power of any starr:  
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,  
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:  
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they en-  
tred ar.

## VIII.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,  
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,  
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,  
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.  
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,  
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;  
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;  
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;  
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

## IX.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours  
 And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;  
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;  
 The eugh, obedient to the benders will;  
 The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;  
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;  
 The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;  
 The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;  
 The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward sound.

## X.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;  
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,  
 They cannot finde that path, which first was  
 showne.

But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,  
 Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,  
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their  
 owne.

So many pathes, so many turnings seene,  
 That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they  
 been.

## XI.

At last resolving forward still to fare,  
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,  
 That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,  
 And like to lead the labyrinth about;  
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,  
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,  
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout  
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,  
 And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he  
 gave

## XII.

"Be well aware," quoth then that Ladie milde,  
"Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:  
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,  
Breedes dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without  
smoke,  
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,  
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."  
"Ah Ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke  
The forward footing for an hidden shade:  
Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for  
to wade."

## XIII.

"Yea but," quoth she, "the perill of this place  
I better wot then you: Though nowe too late  
To wish you backe returne with foul disgrace,  
Yet wisdomes warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,  
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.  
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*,  
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:  
Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then  
The fearefull Dwarfe, "this is no place for living  
men."

## XIV.

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,  
The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide;  
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,  
And looked in: his glistring armor made  
A litle glooming light, much like a shade;  
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,  
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,  
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,  
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile dis-  
daine.

## XV.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,  
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,  
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,  
Pointed with mortall sting : Of her there bred  
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,  
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs ; each one  
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored :  
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,  
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were  
gone.

## XVI.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,  
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile  
About her cursed head ; whose folds displaid  
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.  
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,  
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;  
For light she hated as the deadly bale,  
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine, [plaine.  
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any

## XVII.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept  
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,  
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept  
From turning backe, and forced her to stay :  
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,  
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,  
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay ;  
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst ;  
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder  
glaunst.

## XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd ;  
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,  
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd  
With doubled forces high above the ground :  
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,  
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine  
All suddenly about his body wound,  
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.  
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse  
    traine !

## XIX.

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,  
Cride out, " Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye  
    bee ;  
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint ;  
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."  
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,  
His gall did grate for grieve and high disdaine ;  
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,  
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her con-  
    straine.

## XX.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw  
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,  
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,  
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke  
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe :  
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,  
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did  
    lacke,  
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras :  
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

## XXI.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell  
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,  
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,  
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:  
But, when his later spring gins to avale,  
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there  
breed

Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male  
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;  
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no  
man reed.

## XXII.

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,  
That, wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,  
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.  
Whose corage when the Feend perceivd to shrink,  
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke  
Her fruitfull cursed spawnne of serpents small,  
(Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,)  
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,  
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all,

## XXIII.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,  
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,  
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,  
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;  
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,  
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,  
That from their noyance he no where can rest;  
But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmur-  
ings.

## XXIV.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame  
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,  
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,  
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,  
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;  
And stroke at her with more then manly force,  
That from her body, full of filthie sin,  
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:  
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed fro  
her corse.

## XXV.

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare  
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,  
Groning full deadly all with troublous feare  
Gathred themselves about her body round,  
Weening their wonted entrance to have found  
At her wide mouth; but, being there withstood,  
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,  
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud;  
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their  
good.

## XXVI.

That détestable sight him much amazde,  
To see th' unkindly impes, of heaven accurst,  
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,  
Having all satisfide their bloudy thirst,  
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,  
And bowels gushing forth: Well worthy end  
Of such, as drunke her life, the which them nurst!  
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,  
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he  
should contend.



## XXVII.

His Lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre,  
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie;  
And saide, "Faie Knight, borne under happie  
starre,

Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye;  
Well worthie be you of that armory,  
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,  
And proof'd your strength on a strong enimie;  
Your first adventure: Many such I pray,  
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may!"

## XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,  
And with the Lady backward sought to wend:  
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,  
Ne ever would to any by-way bend;  
But still did follow one unto the end,  
The which at last out of the wood them brought.  
So forward on his way (with God to frend)  
He passed forth, and new adventure sought:  
Long way he traueiled, before he heard of ought.

## XXIX.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way  
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,  
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,  
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;  
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad;  
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,  
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;  
And all the way he prayed, as he went,  
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

## XXX.

He faire the Knight saluted, louting low,  
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;  
And after asked him, if he did know  
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.  
“Ah! my dear sonne,” quoth he, “how should,  
    alas!

Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,  
Bidding his beades all day for his trespás,  
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?  
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

## XXXI.

“But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,  
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,  
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,  
That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare.”  
“Of such,” saide he, “I chiefly doe inquire;  
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,  
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:  
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,  
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.”

## XXXII.

“Far hence,” quoth he, “in wastfull wilderness  
His dwelling is, by which no living wight  
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.”  
“Now,” saide the Ladie, “draweth toward night;  
And well I wote, that of your later fight  
Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,  
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?  
The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,  
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves  
    among.

## XXXIII.

"Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,  
And with new day new worke at once begin:  
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."  
"Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"  
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win  
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;  
Therefore with me ye may take up your In  
For this same night." The Knight was well content:  
So with that godly Father to his home they went.

## XXXIV.

A litle lowly hermitage it was,  
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,  
Far from resort of people, that did pas  
In travaill to and froe: a litle wyde  
There was an holy chappell edifyde,  
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say  
His holy things each morne and eventyde:  
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

## XXXV.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,  
Ne looke for entertainment, where none was;  
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:  
The noblest mind the best contentment has.  
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;  
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,  
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas:  
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore  
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

## XXXVI.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;  
And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes,  
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast  
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them  
biddes.

Unto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes:  
Where when all drownid in deadly sleepe he findes,  
He to his studie goes; and there amiddes  
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,  
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy  
minds.

## XXXVII.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,  
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses frame;  
With which, and other spelles like terrible,  
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame;  
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful shame  
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.  
A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name  
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;  
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

## XXXVIII.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd  
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flies,  
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,  
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,  
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies:  
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,  
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;  
The one of them he gave a message too,  
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

## XXXIX.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,  
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,  
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.  
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,  
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe  
In silver dew his ever-drouping hed,  
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth  
spred.

## XL.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast ;  
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,  
The other all with silver overcast ;  
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,  
Watching to banish Care their enemy,  
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.  
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,  
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe  
In drowsie fit he findes ; of nothing he takes-keepe.

## XLI.

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the  
sowne  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.  
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,  
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard : but carelesse Quiet lyes,  
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

## XLII.

The messenger approching to him spake;  
But his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine:  
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.  
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,  
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe  
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.  
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine  
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,  
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence  
    breake.

## XLIII.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,  
And threatned unto him the dreaded name  
Of Hecaté: whereat he gan to quake,  
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame  
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.  
“Hether,” quoth he, “me Archimago sent,  
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,  
He bids thee to him send for his intent  
A fit false Dreame, that can delude the sleepers  
    sent.”

## XLIV.

The God obeyde; and, calling forth straight way  
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,  
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay  
His heaue head, deuoid of careful carke;  
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and  
    starke.

He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,  
Remounted up as light as chearefull larke;  
And on his litle winges the Dreame he bore  
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

## XLV.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,  
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,  
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,  
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,  
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:  
The Maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,  
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight,  
Her all in white he clad, and over it  
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

## XLVI.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,  
Unto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,  
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,  
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy;  
In sort as he him schooled privily.  
And that new creature, borne without her dew,  
Full of the Makers guyle, with usage sly  
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,  
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned  
hew.

## XLVII.

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste;  
And, comming where the Knight in slomber lay,  
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,  
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play;  
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,  
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy.  
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,  
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy  
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne dame  
Pleasures toy.

## XLVIII.

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,  
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring  
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene  
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring  
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,  
Now a loose leman to vile service bound :  
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,  
*Hymen Io Hymen*, dauncing all around ;  
Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crownd.

## XLIX.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,  
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,  
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust  
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his :  
Lo, there before his face his Ladie is,  
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke ;  
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,  
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,  
Most like that Virgin true, which for her Knight  
him took.

## L.

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,  
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,  
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight ;  
But, hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,  
He stayde his hand ; and gan himselfe advise  
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.  
Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,  
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth  
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.



“Love of yourself,” she saide, “and deare  
constraint,  
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night  
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,  
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.”  
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight  
Suspect her truth; yet since no’ untruth he knew,  
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight  
He would not shend; but said, “Deare dame, I  
rew,  
[grew:  
That for my sake unknowne such grieve unto you

## LIV.

“Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;  
For all so deare, as life is to my hart,  
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:  
Ne let vaine fears procure your needlesse smart,  
Where cause is none; but to your rest depart.”  
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease  
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,  
And fed with words, that could not chose but  
    please:  
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

## LV.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,  
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,  
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.  
At last dull wearines of former fight  
Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,  
Thattroublous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine  
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:  
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,  
With that misformed Spright he backe returnd  
    againe.

## CANTO II.

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The guilefull great Enchaunter parts  
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth :  
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,  
And workes him woefull ruth.

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## I.

BY this the northerne wagoner had set  
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre  
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,  
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre  
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre ;  
And chearefull chaunticlere with his note shrill  
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre  
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,  
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill :

## II.

When those accursed messengers of hell,  
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged  
Spright,  
Came to their wicked Maister, and gan tell  
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night :  
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might  
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine .  
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.  
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,  
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes  
    again.

## III.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated Faire,  
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred  
A seeming body of the subtile aire,  
Like a young Squire, in loves and lustyhed  
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,  
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight;  
Those two he tooke, and in a secrete bed,  
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,  
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

## IV.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast  
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights  
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;  
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,  
As one aghast with feends, or damned sprights,  
And to him calls; "Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,  
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights  
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine:  
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honor  
staine."

## V.

All in a maze he suddenly up start  
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;  
Who soone him brought into a secret part,  
Where that false couple were full closely ment  
In wanton lust and leud embracèment:  
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;  
The eie of reason was with rage yblent;  
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,  
But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

## VI.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,  
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,  
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,  
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,  
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.  
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie  
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning  
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily; [light;  
The Dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away  
do fly.

## VII.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,  
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,  
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire;  
And the high hills Titan discovered;  
The royall Virgin shooke off drousyhed:  
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,  
Lookt for her Knight, who far away was fled,  
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to waite each  
howre:—  
Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful  
stowre.

## VIII.

And after him she rode with so much speede,  
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:  
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,  
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,  
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:  
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;  
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,  
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,  
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

## IX.

But subtile Archimago, when his guests  
He saw divided into double parts,  
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,  
(Th' end of his drift,) he praised his diuelish arts,  
That had such might over true-meaning harts :  
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,  
How he may worke unto her further smarts :  
For her he hated as the hissing snake,  
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

## X.

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise ;  
For by his mighty science he could take  
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,  
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :  
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,  
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell ;  
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,  
And oft would flie away. O who can tell  
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick  
spell !

## XI.

But now seemde best the person to put on  
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled guest :—  
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,  
And silver shield ; upon his coward brest  
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest  
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly.  
Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel address ;  
And, when he sate uppon his courser free,  
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him  
to be.

## XII.

But he, the Knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,  
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,  
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:  
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.  
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way  
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,  
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay  
*Sans foy*; full large of limbe and every ioint  
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

## XIII.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,  
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,  
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay;  
And like a Persian mitre on her hed  
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,  
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:  
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred  
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,  
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses  
brave.

## XIV.

With faire disport, and courting dalliance,  
She intertaine her lover all the way:  
But, when she saw the Knight his speare advaunce,  
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,  
And bad her Knight addresse him to the fray;  
His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with pride,  
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,  
Forth spurred fast; adowne his coursers side  
The red blood trickling staine the way, as he did  
ride.

## XV.

The Knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide  
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,  
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride :  
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,  
That, daunted with their forces hideous,  
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand ;  
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,  
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,  
Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth  
land.

## XVI.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,  
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,  
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side  
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke  
Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,  
Forgetfull of the hanging victory :  
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,  
Both staring fierce, and holding idely  
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

## XVII.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,  
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies ;  
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff :  
Each others equall puissance envies,  
And through their iron sides with cruell spies  
Does seeke to perce ; repining courage yields  
No foote to foe : the flashing fier flies,  
As from a forge, out of their burning shields ;  
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant  
fields.



## XVIII.

“Curse on that Crosse,” quoth then the Sarazin,  
“That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;  
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,  
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:  
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,  
And hide thy head.” Therewith upon his crest  
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,  
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,  
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him  
fairly blest.

## XIX.

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark  
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;  
And, at his haughty helmet making mark,  
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,  
And cleft his head: He, tumbling downe alive,  
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,  
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive  
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,  
Whether the soules doe fly of men, that live amis.

## XX.

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,  
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,  
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall;  
But from him fled away with all her powre:  
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,  
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away  
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure:  
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay;  
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

## XXI.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,  
Cride, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show  
On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,  
And to your mighty will." Her humblesse low  
In so rich weedes, and seeming glorious show,  
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart;  
And said, "Deare dame, your suddein overthrow  
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,  
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your  
part."

## XXII.

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament;  
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre  
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,  
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,  
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,  
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)  
Borne the sole daughter of an emperour;  
He that the wide west under his rule has,  
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth  
pas.

## XXIII.

"He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,  
Betrothed me unto the onely haire  
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;  
Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,  
Was never prince so meeke and debonaire!  
But, ere my hoped day of spousall shone,  
My dearest lord fell from high honors staire  
Into the hands of hys accursed fone,  
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone!

## XXIV.

“ His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,  
Was afterward, I know not how, convoid,  
And fro me hid ; of whose most innocent death  
When tidings came to mee unhappy maid,  
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid !  
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,  
And many yeares throughout the world I straid ;  
A virgin widow ; whose deepe-wounded mind  
With love long time did languish, as the stricken  
hind.

## XXV.

“ At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin  
To meete me wandring ; who perforce me led  
With him away ; but yet could never win  
The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.  
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,  
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,  
The eldest of three brethren ; all three bred  
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansioy ;  
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold  
Sansloy.

## XXVI.

“ In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,  
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,  
Craving of you, in pitty of my state,  
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.”  
He in great passion all this while did dwell,  
More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,  
Then his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell ;  
And said, “ Faire lady, hart of flint would rew  
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

## XXVII.

"Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,  
Having both found a new friend you to aid,  
And lost an old-foe that did you molest:  
Better new friend then an old foe is said."  
With chaunge of chear the seeming-simple maid  
Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,  
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid.  
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,  
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh  
derth.

## XXVIII.

Long time they thus together traveled;  
Til, weary of their way, they came at last  
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spread  
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;  
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,  
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:  
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,  
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound  
His mery oaten pipe; but shund th' unlucky  
ground.

## XXIX.

But this good Knight, sooone as he them can spie,  
For the coole shade him thither hastily got:  
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,  
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot  
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,  
That living creature mote it not abide;  
And his new Lady it endured not.  
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide  
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a  
tide.

## XXX.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,  
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;  
And in his falsed fancy he her takes  
To be the fairest wight, that lived yit;  
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit;  
And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame  
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,  
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there came  
Smal drops of gory blood, that trickled down the  
same.

## XXXI.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,  
Crying, "O spare with guilty hands to teare  
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;  
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare  
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,  
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love;  
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare!"  
Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove;  
And with that suddein horror could no member  
move.

## XXXII.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion  
Was overpast, and manhood well awake;  
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,  
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;  
"What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,  
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,  
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,)  
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,  
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood  
to spare?"

## XXXIII.

Then, groning deep ; " Nor damned ghost," quoth  
he,  
" Nor guileful sprite, to thee these words doth  
But once a man Fradubio, now a tree ; [speake ;  
Wretched man, wretched tree ! whose nature weake  
A cruell Witch, her cursed will to wreake,  
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,  
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,  
And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines ;  
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me  
paines."

## XXXIV.

" Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"  
Quoth then the Knight ; " by whose mishiévous arts  
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ?  
He oft finds med'cine who his grieve imparts ;  
But double griefs afflict concealing harts ;  
As raging flames who striveth to suppress." "  
" The author then," said he, " of all my smarts,  
Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,  
That many errant Knights hath broght to wretch-  
ednesse.

## XXXV.

" In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott  
The fire of love and ioy of chevalree  
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott  
To love this gentle Lady, whome ye see  
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree ;  
With whome as once I rode accompanye,  
Me chaunced of a Knight encountred bee,  
That had a like faire Lady by his syde ;  
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde ;

## XXXVI.

“ Whose forged beauty he did take in hand  
All other Dames to have exceded farre ;  
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,  
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.  
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre ;  
In which his harder fortune was to fall  
Under my speare ; such is the dye of warre.  
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,  
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

## XXXVII.

“ So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike faire,  
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,  
One day in doubt I cast for to compare  
Whether in beauties glorie did excede ;  
A rosy girlond was the victors meede.  
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee ;  
So hard the discord was to be agreeede.  
Frælisssa was as faire, as faire mote bee,  
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

## XXXVIII.

“ The wicked Witch, now seeing all this while  
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,  
What not by right, she cast to win by guile ;  
And, by her hellish science, raisd streight way  
A foggy mist that overcast the day,  
And a dull blast that breathing on her face  
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,  
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :  
Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire  
in place.

## XXXIX.

“Then cride she out, ‘Fye, fye, deformed wight,  
‘Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine  
‘To have before bewitched all mens sight :  
‘O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine!’  
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,  
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,  
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine  
The false Witch did my wrathfull hand withhold :  
So left her, where she now is turnd to treē mould,

## XL.

“Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,  
And in the Witch unweeting ioyd long time;  
Ne ever wist, but that she was the same :  
Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,  
When witches wont do penance for their crime,)  
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,  
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme :  
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,  
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew,

## XLI.

“Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,  
Were hidd in water, that I could not see ;  
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,  
Then womans shape man would beleewe to bee.  
Thensforth from her most beastly companie  
I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,  
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie :  
For danger great, if not assurd decay,  
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.



## XLII.

"The diuelish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,  
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepe  
night,  
With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare  
My body, all through charmes and magicke might,  
That all my senses were bereaved quight:  
Then brought she me into this desert waste,  
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;  
Where now enclosed in wooden wals full faste,  
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we  
waste."

## XLIII.

"But how long time," said then the Elfin Knight,  
"Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"  
"We may not chaunge," quoth he, "this evill  
Till we be bathed in a living Well:        plight,  
That is the terme prescribed by the spell."  
"O how," sayd he, "mote I that Well out find,  
That may restore you to your wonted well?"  
"Time and suffised fates to former kynd  
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us  
unbynd."

## XLIV.

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,  
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,  
And knew well all was true. But the good Knight,  
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,  
When all this speech the living tree had spent,  
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,  
That from the blood he might be innocent,  
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:  
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her  
fownd.

## XLV.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,  
As all unweeting of that well she knew;  
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare  
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,  
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew,  
At last she up gan lift; with trembling cheare  
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew,)  
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,  
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did  
beare.

## CANTO III.

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Forsaken Truth long seekes her Love,  
 And makes the lyon mylde ;  
 Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals  
 In hand of leachour vyld.

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## I.

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,  
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,  
 Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse  
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.  
 I, whether lately through her brightness blynd,  
 Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,  
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,  
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,  
 When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

## II.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,  
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,  
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do  
     steepe,  
 To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,  
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,  
 Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,  
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,  
 Is from her Knight divorced in despayre,  
 And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile Witches  
     shayre.





SPENSER.

It returned out of the darkest wood  
A ramping lion rushed suddenly:—

*From the "Herald of Peace."*

## III.

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while  
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,  
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,  
In wildernesses and wastfull deserts strайд,  
To seeke her Knight; who, subtilly betrayd  
Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter  
wrought,  
Had her abandond: She, of nought affrayd,  
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;  
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

## IV.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,  
From her unhastie beast she did alight;  
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay  
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;  
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,  
And layd her stole aside: Her angels face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place;  
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

## V.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood  
A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,  
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:  
Soone as the royall Virgin he did spy,  
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:  
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,  
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,  
And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

## VI.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,  
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;  
As he her wronged innocence did weete.  
O how can beautie maister the most strong,  
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!  
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,  
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,  
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;  
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

## VII.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"  
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,  
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,  
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:—  
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,  
How does he find in cruell hart to hate  
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord  
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

## VIII.

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint;  
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;  
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,  
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;  
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.  
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,  
Arose the Virgin borne of heavenly brood,  
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,  
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

## IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,  
But with her went along, as a strong gard  
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate  
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :  
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;  
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,  
With humble service to her will prepar'd :  
From her fayre eyes he took commandement,  
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

## X.

Long she thus traueiled through deserts wyde,  
By which she thought her wandring Knight shold  
pas,  
Yet never shew of living wight espyde ;  
Till that at length she found the troden gras,  
In which the tract of peoples footing was,  
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore :  
The same she followes, till at last she has  
A damzel spyde slow-footing her before,  
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

## XI.

To whom approching she to her gan call,  
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand :  
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all ;  
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand :  
Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,  
With suddein feare her pitcher downe she threw,  
And fled away : for never in that land  
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,  
And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.



## XII.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,  
As if her life upon the wager lay;  
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd  
Sate in eternall night; nought could she say;  
But, suddaine catching hold, did her dismay  
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:  
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray  
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there  
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did requere:

## XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page  
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,  
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage  
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,  
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent:  
Where that old woman day and night did pray  
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:  
Nine hundred *Pater Nosters* every day,  
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

## XIV.

And, to augment her painefull penance more,  
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,  
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,  
And thrise-three times did fast from any bitt:  
But now for feare her beads she did forgett.  
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,  
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt:  
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,  
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

## XV.

The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,  
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe:  
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,  
And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe:  
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe,  
For the late losse of her deare-loved Knight,  
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe  
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;  
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for  
light.

## XVI.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye  
Above the shinie Cassiopeiass chaire,  
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,  
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;  
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,  
That ready entraunce was not at his call;  
For on his backe a heavy load he bare  
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,  
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

## XVII.

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,  
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,  
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,  
Which given was to them for good intents:  
The holy saints of their rich vestiments  
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept;  
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;  
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,  
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

## XVIII.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,  
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow  
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,  
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,  
With whom he whoredome usd that few did know,  
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,  
And plenty, which in all the land did grow ;  
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings :  
And now he to her brought part of his stolen  
things.

## XIX.

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bett ;  
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,  
(The lyon frayed them,) him in to lett ;  
He would no lenger stay him to advize,  
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,  
And entring is ; when that disdainfull beast,  
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize ;  
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,  
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

## XX.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,  
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand ;  
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,  
And quite dismembred hath : the thirsty land  
Dronke up his life ; his corse left on the strand.  
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,  
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand  
The heavie hap, which on them is alight ;  
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen  
might.

## XXI.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,  
Up Una rose, up rose the Lyon eke;  
And on their former iourney forward pas,  
In waies unknowne, her wandring Knight to seeke,  
With paines far passing that long-wandring Greeke,  
That for his love refused deitye:  
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,  
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye;  
Then furthest from her hope, when most she  
          weened nye.

## XXII.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,  
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,  
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,  
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,  
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare:  
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,  
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,  
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,  
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill:

## XXIII.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,  
With hollow houling, and lamenting cry;  
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,  
And her accusing of dishonesty,  
That was the flowre of faith and chastity:  
And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray  
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,  
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;  
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray

## XXIV.

But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,  
Shee backe retourned with some labour lost;  
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,  
A Knight her mett in mighty armes embost,  
Yet Knight was not for all his bragging bost;  
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought  
By traynes into new troubles to have toste:  
Of that old woman tidings he besought,  
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

## XXV.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,  
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,  
Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,  
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare;  
And so forth told the story of her feare.  
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,  
And after for that Lady did inquere;  
Which being taught, he forward gan aduaunce  
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed  
launce.

## XXVI.

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,  
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;  
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show  
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde  
Unto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,  
By his like-seeming shield her Knight by name  
Shee weend it was; and towards him gan ride:  
Approching nigh she wist it was the same;  
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him  
shee came:

## XXVII.

And weeping said, " Ah my long-lacked lord,  
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?  
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,  
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might;  
That should as death unto my deare heart light:  
For since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,  
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,  
And eke my night of death the shadow is:  
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of  
blis!"

## XXVIII.

He thereto meeting said, " My dearest dame,  
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,  
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,  
As you to leave that have me loved stil,  
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,  
Where noblest Knights were to be found on earth.  
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil  
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,  
Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of heavenly berth.

## XXIX.

" And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,  
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place;  
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong  
To many Knights did daily worke disgrace;  
But Knight he now shall never more deface:  
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye please  
Well to accept, and evermore embrace  
My faithfull service, that by land and seas  
Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint  
appease."

## XXX.

His lovely words her seemd due recompence  
Of all her passed paines : one loving howre  
For many yeares of sorrow can dispençe ;  
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.  
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre  
For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more  
Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre  
To looken backe ; his eies be fixt before.  
Before her stands her Knight, for whom she toyl'd  
so sore.

## XXXI.

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,  
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,  
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare ;  
And long time having tand his tawney hide  
With blustering breath of heaven, that none can  
bide,  
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound ;  
Soone as the port from far he has espide,  
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,  
And Nereus crownes with cups ; his mates him  
pledg around.

## XXXII.

Such ioy made Una, when her Knight she found ;  
And eke th' Enchaunter ioyous seemde no lesse  
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from  
ground  
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse ;  
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.  
So forth they past ; and all the way they spent  
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,  
In which he askt her, what the lyon ment ;  
Who told, her all that fell in iourney, as she went.

## XXXIII.

They had not ridden far, when they might see  
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,  
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free  
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,  
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,  
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;  
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat  
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde: [dyde.  
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was

## XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,  
And saw the red crosse, which the Knight did  
    beare,  
He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare  
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.  
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,  
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele:  
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,  
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;  
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron  
    heele.

## XXXV.

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce  
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head speare,  
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce;  
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for  
    feare,  
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:  
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,  
That from his sadle quite he did him beare:  
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,  
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did  
    gush.



## XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,  
He to him leapt, in minde to reave his life,  
And proudly said; "Lo, there the worthie meed  
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife:  
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,  
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;  
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,  
The black infernall Furies doen aslake:  
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from  
thee take."

## XXXVII.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,  
Till Una cride, "O hold that heavie hand,  
Dear Sir, what ever that thou be in place:  
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand  
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;  
For he is one the truest Knight alive,  
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land;  
And, whilst him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive  
In bloudy field; therefore of life him not deprive."

## XXXVIII.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;  
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would [age,  
Have slayne him streight: but when he sees his  
And hoarie head of Archimago old,  
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,  
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:  
For that old man well knew he, though untold,  
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might;  
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

## XXXIX.

And said, " Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,  
What doe I see ? what hard mishap is this,  
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre ?  
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,  
Instead of foe to wound my friend amis ?"  
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,  
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his  
The cloude of death did sit ; which doen away,  
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay :

## XL.

But to the Virgin comes ; who all this while  
Amased stands, herselfe so mockt to see  
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,  
For so misfeigning her true Knight to bee :  
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,  
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,  
From whom her booteth not at all to flie :  
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,  
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

## XLI.

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw  
And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine Dame  
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,  
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,  
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same  
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes :  
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame  
His corage more, that from his griping pawes  
He hath his shield redeemd ; and forth his swerd  
he drawes.

## XLII.

O then, too weake and feeble was the forse  
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand !  
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,  
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand ;  
And feates of armes did wisely understand.  
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest  
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,  
And launcht his lordly hart : with death opprest  
He ro' d aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne  
brest.

## XLIII.

Who now is left to keepe the fórlorne Maid  
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will ?  
Her faithfull gard remov'd ; her hope dismaid ;  
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill !  
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,  
With foule reproches and disdaineeful spight  
Her vildly entertaines ; and, will or nill,  
Beares her away upon his courser light :  
Her prayers nought prevaile ; his rage is more of  
might.

## XLIV.

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,  
And piteous plamtes, she filleth his dull eares,  
That stony hart could riven have in twaine ;  
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares ;  
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.  
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,  
But follows her far off, ne ought he feares  
To be partaker of her wandering woe.  
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly  
foe.

## CANTO IV.

---

To sinfull Hous of Pryde Duessa-  
a guydes the faithfull Knight ;  
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy  
Doth challeng him to fight.

---

## I.

YOUNG Knight whatever, that dost armes pro-  
fesse,  
And through long labours hunttest after fame,  
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,  
In choice, and chaunge, of thy deare-loved dame;  
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,  
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove :  
For unto Knight there is no greater shame,  
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love :  
That doth this Redcrosse Knights ensample plain-  
ly prove.

## II.

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,  
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie ;  
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,  
Called Fidess', and so supposd to be ;  
Long with her traveild ; till at last they see  
A goodly building, bravely garnished ;  
The house of mightie prince it seemd to be ;  
And towards it a broad high way that led,  
All bare through peoples feet, which thether  
traveiled.

## III.

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward  
Both day and night, of each degree and place ;  
But few returned, having scaped hard,  
With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace ;  
Which ever after in most wretched case,  
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.  
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace ;  
For she is wearie of the toilsom way ;  
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

## IV.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,  
Which cunningly was without morter laid,  
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor  
thick,  
And golden foile all over them displaid,  
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid :  
High lifted up were many loftie towres,  
And goodly galleries far over laid,  
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres ;  
And on the top a diall told the timely howres.

## V.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,  
And spake the praises of the workmans witt :  
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould  
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt :  
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt  
And fall away, it mounted was full hie :  
That every breath of heaven shooked itt :  
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,  
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

## VI.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right ;  
For still to all the gates stood open wide :  
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,  
Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide :  
Thence to the hall, which was on every side  
With rich array and costly arras dight :  
Infinite sortes of people did abide  
There waiting long, to win the wished sight  
Of her, that was the Lady of that pallace bright.

## VII.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,  
And to the Presence mount ; whose glorious vew  
Their frayle amazed senses did confound.  
In living princes court none ever knew  
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew ;  
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,  
Like ever saw : And there a noble crew  
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,  
Which, with their presence fayre, the place much  
beautifide.

## VIII.

High above all a cloth of state was spred,  
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day ;  
On which there sate, most brave embellished  
With royall robes and gorgeous array,  
A mayden Queene that shone, as Titans ray,  
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone ;  
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay  
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,  
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone :

## IX.

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,  
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,  
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,  
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;  
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,  
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,  
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,  
And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen  
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

## X.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,  
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdayne:  
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:  
Lo, underneath her scornfull feete was layne  
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne;  
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,  
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,  
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;  
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

## XI.

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,  
And sad Prosérpina, the queene of hell;  
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas  
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;  
And thundring Iove, that high in heaven doth dwell  
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre;  
Or if that any else did Iove excell;  
For to the highest she did still aspyre;  
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

## XII.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,  
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be ;  
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,  
Ne heritage of native soveraintie ;  
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie  
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold :  
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,  
And strong advizement of six Wisards old,  
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

## XIII.

Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,  
And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre,  
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,  
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire :  
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre  
Of her high throne ; where they, on humble knee  
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,  
Why they were come, her roiall state to see,  
To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

## XIV.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,  
She thancked them in her disdainefull wise ;  
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue  
Of princesse worthy ; scarce them bad arise.  
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise  
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight :  
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise ;  
Some prancke their ruffes ; and others trimly dight  
Their gay attyre : each others greater pride does spight,



## XV.

Goodly they all that Knight doe entertayne,  
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew;  
 But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne  
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;  
 For in that court whylome her well they knew:  
 Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd,  
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,  
 And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,  
 That to strange Knight no better countenance  
 allowd.

## XVI.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place  
 The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call:  
 All hurten forth, and she, with princely pace,  
 As faire Aurora, in her purple pall,  
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call,  
 So forth she comes: her brightness brode doth  
 blaze.  
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,  
 Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze;  
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eies  
 amaze.

## XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,  
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,  
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;  
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,  
 Great Iunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,  
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride  
 To Loves high hous through heavens bras-paved  
 way,  
 Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,  
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

## XVIII.

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,  
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,  
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,  
With like conditions to their kindes applyde:  
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,  
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;  
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,  
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin;  
Like to an holy monck; the service to begin.

## XIX.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,  
That much was worne, but therein little redd;  
For of devotion he had little care,  
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd:  
Scarse could he once uphold his heauey hedd,  
To looken whether it were night or day.  
May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,  
When such an one had guiding of the way,  
That knew not, whether right he went or else astray.

## XX.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,  
And greatly shunned manly exercise;  
From everie worke he chalenged essayne,  
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise  
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;  
By which he grew to grievous malady:  
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,  
A shaking fever raignd continually:  
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

## XXI.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;  
His belly was upblowne with luxury,  
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;  
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,  
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,  
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:  
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

## XXII.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;  
For other clothes he could not wear for heate:  
And on his head an yvie girland had,  
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat;  
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,  
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,  
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat  
His dronken corse he scarce upholden can:  
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

## XXIII.

Unfit he was for any wordly thing,  
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;  
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,  
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,  
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo:  
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,  
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,  
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:  
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

## XXIV.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery  
Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,  
And whally eies, (the signe of gelosy,)  
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare  
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare  
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye:  
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,  
When fairer faces were bid standen by:  
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy!

## XXV.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,  
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;  
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,  
Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse:  
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse;  
And learned had to love with secret lookes;  
And well could daunce; and sing with ruefulnesse;  
And fortunes tell; and read in loving bookes:  
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly  
hookes.

## XXVI.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,  
And lusted after all, that he did love;  
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,  
But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and  
prove,  
If from their loyall loves he might them move:  
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain  
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,  
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:  
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

## XXVII.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,  
Upon a camell loaden all with gold :  
Two iron coffers hong on either side,  
With precious metall full as they might hold ;  
And in his lap an heap of coine he told :  
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,  
And unto hell him selfe for money sold :  
Accursed usury was all his trade ;  
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce  
waide.

## XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste ;  
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware ;  
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste ;  
But both from backe and belly still did spare,  
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare :  
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none  
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care  
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,  
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

## XXIX.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise ;  
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store ;  
Whose need had end, but no end covetise ;  
Whose welth was want ; whose plenty made him  
pore ;  
Who had enough, yett wished ever more ;  
A vile disease : and eke in foote and hand  
A grievous gout tormented him full sore ;  
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand :  
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band !

## XXX.

And next to him malicious Envy rode  
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw  
Between his cankered teeth a venemous tode,  
That all the poison ran about his chaw ;  
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw  
At neighbors welth, that made him ever sad ;  
For death it was, when any good he saw ;  
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;  
But, when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous  
glad.

## XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say  
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies ;  
And in his bosome secretly there lay  
An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes  
In many folds, and mortall sting implies :  
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see  
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse ;  
And grudged at the great felicitie  
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

## XXXII.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,  
And him no lesse, that any like did use ;  
And, who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,  
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse ;  
So every good to bad he doth abuse :  
And eke the verse of famous poets witt  
He does backebite, and spitefull poison spues  
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt :  
Such one vile Envy was, that sifte in row did sitt.

## XXXIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,  
Upon a lion, loth for to be led ;  
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,  
The which he brandisheth about his hed :  
His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,  
And stared sterne on all that him beheld ;  
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded ;  
And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in  
him sweld.

## XXXIV.

His ruffin raiment all was staine with blood  
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent ;  
Through unadvised rashnes woxen wood ;  
For of his hands he had no government,  
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement :  
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,  
His cruel facts he often would repent ;  
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast,  
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse  
hast.

## XXXV.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath ;  
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,  
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,  
Bitter Despight with Rancours rusty knife ;  
And fretting Griefe, the enemy of life :  
All these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,  
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,  
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire :  
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire,

## XXXVI.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame  
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,  
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,  
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.  
Huge routs of people did about them band,  
Showing for joy ; and still before their way  
A foggy mist had covered all the land ;  
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay  
Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had  
gone astray.

## XXXVII.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,  
To take the solace of the open aire,  
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport :  
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,  
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire  
Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine :  
But that good Knight would not so nigh repaire,  
Him selfe estraunging from their ioyaunce vaine,  
Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike  
swaine.

## XXXVIII.

So, having solaced themselves a space  
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,  
They backe retourned to the princely place ;  
Whereas an errant Knight in armes yclod,  
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red  
Was writt *Sans ioy*, they new arrived find :  
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardyhed,  
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,  
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind,



## XXXIX.

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy  
 He spide with that same Fary champions page,  
 Bewraying him that did of late destroy  
 His eldest brother; burning all with rage,  
 He to him lept, and that same envious gage  
 Of victors glory from him snacht away: [wage,  
 But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike  
 Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray;  
 And, him rencounting fierce, reskewd the noble  
 pray.

## XL.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,  
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne, [on hy;  
 And clash their shields, and shake their swords  
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine:  
 Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine  
 Of high displeasure that ensewen might,  
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine;  
 And, if that either to that shield had right,  
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

## XLI.

"Ah dearest Dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,  
 "Pardon the error of enraged wight,  
 Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold  
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt Knight,  
 (No Knight, but treachour full of false despight  
 And shameful treason,) who through guile hath  
 slayn  
 The prowest Knight, that ever field did fight,  
 Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)  
 Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap  
 disdayn.

## XLII.

“ And, to augment the glorie of his guile,  
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe  
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;  
Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,  
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:  
That—brothers hand shall dearely well requight,  
So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe.”  
Him litle answerd th’ angry Elfin Knight;  
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead  
his right:

## XLIII.

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledg,  
His cause in combat the next day to try:  
So been they parted both, with harts on edg  
To be aveng’d each on his enemy.  
That night they pas in ioy and iollity,  
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;  
For steward was excessive Gluttony,  
That of his plenty poured forth to all:  
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest  
them call.

## XLIV.

Now whenas darksome Night had all displayd  
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;  
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,  
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,  
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.  
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace  
Arrested all that courtly company,  
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,  
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent  
pace:

## XLV.

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,  
Fore-casting, how his foe he might annoy;  
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt,  
“ Ah deare Sansioy, next dearest to Sansfoy,  
Cause of my new grieffe, cause of my new ioy;  
Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,  
And greedyd, to thinke how foe did him destroy  
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;  
Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye.”

## XLVI.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,  
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:  
Then, sighing soft; “ I learne that litle sweet  
Oft tempred is,” quoth she, “ with muchell smart:  
For, since my brest was launcht with lovely dart  
Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,  
But in eternall woes my weaker hart  
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,  
And for his sake have felt full many an heavy  
stowre.

## XLVII.

“ At last, when perils all I weened past,  
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,  
Into new woes unweeting I was cast  
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware  
His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare  
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:  
Me silly maid away with him he bare,  
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave;  
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

## XLVIII.

"But since faire sunne hath sperst that lowring  
clowd,  
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,  
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd  
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:  
To you th' inheritance belongs by right  
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.  
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,  
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above  
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth  
endlesse move."

## XLIX.

Thereto said he, "Faire dame, be nought dismayd  
For sorrowes past; their grieve is with them gone.  
Ne yet of present perill be affraid:  
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;  
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.  
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,  
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do  
grone:  
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,  
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

## L.

"O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth shee,  
"Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."  
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what oddes can ever  
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?" [bee,  
"Yea, but," quoth she, "he beares a charmed  
shield,  
And eke enchanted armes, that none can perce;  
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield."  
"Charmd or enchanted," answerd he then ferce,  
"I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce.

## LI.

"But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,  
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,  
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,  
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,  
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."  
"Ay me, that is a double death," she said,  
"With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew :  
Where ever yet I be, my secret aide  
Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she him obaid.

## CANTO V.

---

The faithfull Knight in equall field  
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;  
Whom false Duessa saves, and for  
His cure to hell does goe.

---

## I.

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,  
And is with childe of glorious great intent,  
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought  
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.  
Such restlesse passion did all night torment  
The flaming corage of that Faery Knight,  
Devizing, how that doughtie tournament  
With greatest honour he atchieven might:  
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning  
light.

## II.

At last, the golden orientall gate  
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;  
And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,  
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;  
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy  
ayre.  
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight-  
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre [way  
In sunbright armes, and battailous array;  
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that  
day.

## III.

And forth he comes into the commune hall ;  
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,  
To weet what end to straunger Knights may fall.  
There many minstrales maken melody ,  
To drive away the dull melánocholy ;  
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord  
Can tune their timely voices cunningly ;  
And many chroniclers, that can record  
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many  
a Lord.

## IV.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,  
In woven maile all armed warily ;  
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin  
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.  
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,  
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,  
To kindle heat of corage privily ;  
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd  
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are  
assynd.

## V.

At last forth comes that far renownmed Queene.  
With royall pomp and princely maiestie  
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,  
And placed under stately canapee,  
The warlike feates of both those Knights to see.  
On th' other side in all mens open vew  
Duessá placed is, and on a tree  
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew :  
Both those, the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

## VI.

A shrilling trompett sowned from on hye,  
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse:  
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,  
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,  
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:  
With greedy force each other doth assayle,  
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse  
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:  
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak  
and fraile.

## VII.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,  
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;  
For after blood and vengeance he did long.  
The Knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,  
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:  
For all for praise and honour did he fight.  
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat;  
That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,  
And helmets, hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers  
might.

## VIII.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:  
As when a gryfon, seized of his pray,  
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,  
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,  
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:  
With hideous horror both together smight,  
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray:  
The wise southsayer; seeing so sad sight,  
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortal fight.



## IX.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;  
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:  
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight  
In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow;  
With which the armes, that earst so bright did  
show,  
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.  
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,  
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,  
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

## X.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,  
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,  
Upon his Brothers shield, which hong thereby:  
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,  
And said; "Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,  
Doeest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,  
Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre?  
And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake  
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?"

## XI.

"Go, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,  
And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:  
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,  
That I his shield have quit from dying foe."  
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,  
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall:  
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho  
The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call  
The false Duessa, "Thine the shield, and I, and  
all!"

## XII.

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,  
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake ;  
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,  
The creeping deadly cold away did shake :  
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,  
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,  
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,  
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee :  
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

## XIII.

And to him said ; " Goe now, proud miscreant,  
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare ;  
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want :  
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."  
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,  
Him to have slaine ; when lo ! a darkesome clowd  
Upon him fell ; he no where doth appeare,  
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,  
But answer none receives ; the darknes him does  
shrowd.

## XIV.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,  
And to him running sayd, " O prowest Knight,  
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,  
Let now abate the terrour of your might,  
And quench the flame of furious despight  
And bloodie vengeance : lo ! th' infernall Powres,  
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,  
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres :  
The conquest yours ; I yours ; the shield and glory  
yours !"

## XV.

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye  
He sought, all round about, his thristy blade  
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy;  
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:  
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.  
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie;  
And running heralds humble homage made,  
Greeting him goodly with new victorie;  
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

## XVI.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene;  
And, falling her before on lowly knee,  
To her makes present of his service seene:  
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly gree,  
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:  
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,  
Whom all the people followe with great glee,  
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on high,  
That all the ayre it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

## XVII.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed:  
Where many skilfull leaches him abide  
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.  
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,  
And softly gan embalme on everie side.  
And all the while most heavenly melody  
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,  
Him to beguile of grieve and agony:  
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

## XVIII.

As when a wearie traveler, that strays  
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,  
Unweeting of the perillous wandering wayes,  
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,  
Which, in false grieve hyding his harmefull guile,  
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;  
The foolish man, that pities all this while  
His mournfull plight, is swallowed up unwares;  
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes an others cares.

## XIX.

So wept Duessa untill eventyde, [light:  
That shyning lampes in Loves high house were  
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide;  
But comes unto the place, where th' Hethen  
Knight,  
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,  
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:  
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,  
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,  
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy  
way:

## XX.

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,  
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,  
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,  
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew;  
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.  
Before the dore her yron charet stood,  
Already harnessed for iourney new,  
And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,  
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were  
wood.

## XXI.

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,  
Adorn'd with gold and iewels shining cleare,  
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,  
And th' unacquainted light began to feare ;  
(For never did such brightnes there appeare ;)  
And would have backe retyred to her cave,  
Untill the Witches speach she gan to heare,  
Saying ; " Yet, O thou dreaded Dame, I crave  
Abyde, till I have told the message which I have."

## XXII.

She stayd ; and foorth Duessa gan proceede ;  
" O Thou, most auncient grandmother of all,  
More old than Iove, whom thou at first didst  
    breede,  
Or that great house of gods cælestiall ;  
Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,  
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade ;  
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall  
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade ?  
Lo, where the stout Sansioy doth sleepe in deadly  
    shade !

## XXIII.

" And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes  
The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare ;  
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,  
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,  
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.  
O ! what of gods then boots it to be borne,  
If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare ?  
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,  
When two of three her Nephews are so fowle  
    forlorne ?

## XXIV.

“ Up, then; up, dreary Dame, of darknes Queene,  
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;  
Or else goe; them avenge; and let be seene  
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,  
And can the children of fayre Light deface.”  
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov’d  
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:  
Yet pittie in her hart was never prov’d  
Till then; for evermore she hated, never lov’d:

## XXV.

And said, “ Deare daughter, rightly may I rew  
The fall of famous children borne of mee,  
And good successes, which their foes ensew:  
But who can turne the streame of destinee,  
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,  
Which fast is tyde to Loves eternall seat?  
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,  
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:  
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

## XXVI.

“ Yet shall they not escape so freely all;  
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:  
And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,  
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.  
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?”  
“ I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,”  
Quoth she, “ how ever now, in garments gilt  
And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came;  
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.”

## XXVII.

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist  
The wicked Witch, saying ; “ In that fayre face  
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,  
Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace  
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place  
Could it discerne ; though I the mother bee  
Of Falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.  
O welcome, child, whom I have longd to see,  
And now have seene unwares ! Lo, now I go with  
thee.”

## XXVIII.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,  
And with her beares the fowle welfavoured Witch :  
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.  
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,  
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,)  
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp  
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to  
twitch ;  
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,  
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

## XXIX.

So well they sped, that they be come at length  
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay  
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,  
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day  
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.  
His cruell wounds with cruddy blood congeald  
They binden up so wisely as they may,  
And handle softly, till they can be heald :  
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

## XXX.

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,  
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay ;  
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,  
With which her yron wheelles did them affray,  
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.  
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,  
With drery skriekes did also her bewray ;  
And hungry wolves continually did howle  
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

## XXXI.

Thence turning backe in silence softely they stole,  
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace  
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole :  
By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,  
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,  
Descends to hell : there creature never past,  
That backe retourned without heavenly grace ;  
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have  
    brast,  
And damned Sprights sent forth to make ill men  
    aghast.

## XXXII.

By that same way the direfull Dames doe drive  
Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,  
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive :  
Which passing through, on every side them stood  
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,  
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide  
With stonie eies ; and all the hellish brood  
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,  
To gaze on erthly wight, that with the Night durst  
    ride.



## XXXIII.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,  
Where many soules sit wailing woefully ;  
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,  
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,  
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,  
Cursing high Iove, the which them thither sent.  
The House of endlesse Paine is built thereby,  
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment  
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment,

## XXXIV.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus  
His three deformed heads did lay along,  
Curled with thousand adders venomous ;  
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong :  
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,  
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy  
Did him appease ; then downe his taile he hong,  
And suffered them to passen quietly :  
For she in hell and heaven had power equally,

## XXXV.

- There was Ixion turned on a wheele,  
For daring tempt the queene of heaven to sin ;  
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele  
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ;  
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin ;  
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw ;  
Typhœus ioyns were stretched on a gin ;  
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law ;  
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

## XXXVI.

They, all beholding worldly wights in place,  
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,  
To gaze on them ; who forth by them doe pace,  
Till they be come unto the furthest part ;  
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,  
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,  
In which sad Aesculapius far apart  
Emprisond was in chaines remédillesse ;  
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

## XXXVII.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,  
That wont in charett chace the foming bore :  
He all his peeres in beauty did surpas ;  
But ladies love, as losse of time, forbore :  
His wanton stepdame loved him the more ;  
But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,  
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before  
His father fierce of treason false accusd  
And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd :

## XXXVIII.

Who, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought  
Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast :  
From surging gulf two monsters streight were  
brought ;  
With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast  
Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.  
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,  
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast  
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,  
That of Hippolytus was lefte no monument.

## XXXIX.

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was donne,  
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,  
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.  
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend  
His heare, and hasty tong that did offend :  
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,  
By Dianas meanes who was Hippolyts friend,  
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art  
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

## XL.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain  
When Love avizd, that could the dead revive,  
And fates expired could renew again,  
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive ;  
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,  
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore :  
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive  
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,  
And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

## XLI.

There auncient Night arriving, did alight  
From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes  
To Aesculapius brought the wounded Knight :  
Whom having softly disaraid of armes,  
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,  
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,  
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,  
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,  
He would at her request prolong her Nephews  
daies.

## XLII.

"Ah Dame," quoth he, "thou temptest me in vaine  
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew;  
And the old cause of my continued paine  
With like attempt to like end to renew.  
Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,  
Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay;  
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new  
Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray  
The wrath of thundring Love, that rules both Night  
and Day?"

## XLIII.

"Not so," quoth she; "but, sith that heavens King  
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight;  
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;  
And fearest not that more thee hurten might,  
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?  
Goe to then, O thou far renowned sonne  
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might  
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne  
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be  
donne."

## XLIV.

Her words prevails: And then the learned leach  
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,  
And all things els, the which his art did teach:  
Which having seene, from thence arose away  
The Mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay  
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;  
And, backe retourning, took her wonted way  
To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure  
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

## XLV.

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,  
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde:  
Where when she came, she found the Faery Knight  
Departed thence; albee (his woundes wyde  
Not thoroughly heald) unready were to ryde.  
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;  
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde  
Where, in a dungeon deepe, huge numbers lay  
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and  
day;

## XLVI.

(A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie ;)  
Of whom he learned had in secret wise  
The hidden cause of their captivitie ;  
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,  
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,  
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,  
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,  
Condemned to that dongeon mercillesse,  
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretched-  
nesse.

## XLVII.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,  
That would compell all nations to adore.  
And him, as onely God, to call upon ;  
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,  
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.  
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst  
His hart too high through his great richesse store ;  
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst  
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars  
daunst.

## XLVIII.

And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,  
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;  
And after him old Ninus far did pas  
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.  
There also was that mightie monarch layd  
Low under all, yet above all in pride,  
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,  
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide;  
Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death  
he dide.

## XLIX.

All these together in one heape were throwne,  
Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.  
And, in another corner, wide were strowne  
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall:  
Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all;  
Proud Tarquin; and too lordly Lentulus;  
Stout Scipio; and stubborne Hanniball;  
Ambitious Sylla; and sterne Marius;  
High Caesar; great Pompey; and fiers Antonius.

## L.

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,  
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:  
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt  
With sonnes own blade herfowle reproches spoke:  
Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke  
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;  
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke  
Of aspès sting her selfe did stoutly kill:  
And thousands moe the like, that did that don-  
geon fill.

## LI.

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,  
Which thether were assembled, day by day,  
From all the world, after their wofull falles  
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.  
But most, of all which in that dongeon lay,  
Fell from high princes courtes, or ladies bowres;  
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,  
Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,  
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy  
stowres,

## LII.

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe had tould,  
And made ensample of their mournfull sight  
Unto his Maister, he no lenger would  
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,  
But earely rose; and, ere that dawning light  
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,  
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,  
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:  
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryde,

## LIII.

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,  
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,  
Of mured men, which therein strowed lay  
Without remorse or decent funerall;  
Which, al through that great Princesse Pride,  
did fall,  
And came to shamefull end: And them besyde,  
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,  
A donghill of dead carcasses he spyde;  
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad House of Pryde.

## CANTO VI.

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From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace  
Fayre Una is releast :  
Whom salvage nation does adore,  
And learnes her wise beheast.

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## I.

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle  
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,  
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile ;  
The mariner yet halfe amazed stares  
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares  
To ioy at his foolhappie oversight :  
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares  
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin Knight,  
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight,

## II.

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed  
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind ;  
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare Dreed,  
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind ;  
Yet cryme in her could never creature find :  
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,  
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,  
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake ;  
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake :



## III.

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,  
Led her away into a forest wilde;  
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,  
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,  
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.  
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,  
Her to persuaue that stubborne fort to yilde:  
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,  
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

## IV.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while;  
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,  
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile:  
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore;  
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.  
Yet, for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,  
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before:  
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,  
And burnt his beastly hart t' enforce her chastitye.

## V.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,  
And subtile engines bett from batteree,  
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,  
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,  
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.  
Ah heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,  
And heavenly Virgin thus outraged see,  
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,  
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim  
bold?

## VI.

The pitteous Mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,  
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking  
cryes ;  
(The last vaine helpe of wemens greate distresse,)  
And with loud plaintes impórtuneth the skyes ;  
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes ;  
And Phœbus, flying so most shameful sight,  
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,  
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight  
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight ?

## VII.

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,  
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way !  
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,  
From lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray :  
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray  
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd :  
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away  
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,  
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd ;

## VIII,

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,  
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,  
And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,  
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.  
Unto the place they come incontinent :  
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,  
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,  
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde ;  
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

## IX.

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,  
There find the Virgin, doolfull, desolate,  
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,  
As her outrageous foe had left her late ;  
And trembling yet through feare of former hate :  
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,  
And gin to pittie her unhappie state ;  
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,  
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight. :

## X.

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell ;  
And every tender part for feare does shake.  
As when a greedy wolfe, through honger fell,  
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,  
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,  
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,  
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;  
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim  
With chaunge of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

## XI.

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart ;  
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had :  
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,  
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;  
Their frowning foreheads, with rough hornes yclad  
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay ;  
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad  
To comfort her ; and, feare to put away,  
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to  
obay.

## XII.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ  
Her single person to their barbarous truth ;  
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,  
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th :  
They, in compassion of her tender youth  
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,  
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth ;  
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,  
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with  
count'nance fayne.

## XIII.

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,  
And yieldees her to extremitie of time :  
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,  
And walketh forth without suspect of crime :  
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous pryde,  
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,  
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme ;  
And, with greene braunches strowing all the  
ground, [croud.  
Do worship her as queene with olive girlond

## XIV.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,  
That all the woods with doubled eccho ring ;  
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,  
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.  
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;  
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out  
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing  
And aged limbs on cypresse staddle stout ;  
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

## XV.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,  
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,  
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:  
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present  
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent:  
The god himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,  
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:  
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,  
And Pholoë fowle, when her to this he doth com-  
paire.

## XVI.

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,  
And worship her as goddesse of the wood;  
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what  
To thinke of wight so fayre; but gazing stood  
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:  
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;  
But Venus never had so sober mood:  
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be; [knee.  
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her

## XVII.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive  
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;  
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,  
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;  
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse  
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy  
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse:  
For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after toy;  
But pynd away in anguish and selfewild annoy.

## XVIII.

The wooddy nymphes, fair Hamadryades,  
Her to behold do thether runne apace ;  
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades  
Flocke all about to see her lovely face :  
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,  
They envy her in their malicious mind,  
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace :  
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind.  
And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on earth  
they find.

## XIX.

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky Mayd  
Did her content to please their feeble eyes ;  
And long time with that salvage people stayd,  
To gather breath in many miseryes.  
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,  
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,  
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes :  
But, when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne  
From her own worship, they her asse would wor-  
ship fayn.

## XX.

It fortun'd, a noble warlike Knight  
By iust occasion to that forrest came  
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,  
From whence he tooke his wel-deserved name :  
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,  
And fild far landes with glorie of his might ;  
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,  
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right :  
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

## XXI.

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,  
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,  
And there begotten of a Lady myld,  
Fayre Thyamis the daughter of Labryde;  
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde  
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,  
Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,  
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,  
Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in pleasures vayne.

## XXII.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,  
And could not lacke her lovers company;  
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,  
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly  
And followes other game and venery:  
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;  
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,  
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,  
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

## XXIII.

So long in secret cabin there he held  
Her captive to his sensuall desyre;  
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,  
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:  
Then home he suffred her for to retyre;  
For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe:  
Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,  
He nousled up in life and maners wilde,  
Amongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men exile.

## XXIV.

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but  
To banish cowardize and bastard feare :  
His trembling hand he would him force to put  
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare ;  
And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare ;  
And eke wyld roring buls he would him make  
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare ;  
And the robuckes in flight to overtake :  
That everie beast for feare of him did fly and  
quake.

## XXV.

Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,  
That his owne syre and maister of his guise  
Did often tremble at his horrid vew ;  
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise  
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,  
Nor too much to provoke ; for he would learne  
The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,  
(A lesson hard,) and make the libbard sterne  
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did  
earne.

## XXVI.

And, for to make his powre approved more,  
Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell ;  
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,  
The pardale swift, and the tigré cruell,  
The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell ;  
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.  
Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,  
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw ;  
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.



## XXVII.

His loving mother came upon a day  
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;  
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,  
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne;  
When after him a lyonesse did runne,  
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere  
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:  
The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,  
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

## XXVIII.

The fearefull dame all quaked at the sight,  
And turning backe gan fast to fly away;  
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,  
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,  
And then to him these womanish words gan say;  
“ Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my ioy,  
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;  
To dally thus with death is no fit toy:  
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own  
sweet boy.”

## XXIX.

In these and like delightes of bloody game  
He trayned was, till riper years he raught;  
And there abode, whylst any beast of name  
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught  
To feare his force: and then his courage haught  
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,  
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;  
In which his might was never overthrowne;  
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was  
blown.

## XXX.

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,  
After long labours and adventures spent,  
Unto those native woods for to repaire,  
To see his syre and ofspring auncient.  
And now he thether came for like intent ;  
When he unwares the fairest Una found,  
Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,  
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,  
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did  
redound.

## XXXI.

He wondred at her wisdoms heavenly rare,  
Whose like in womens witt he never knew ;  
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,  
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,  
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,  
And ioyd to make prooffe of her cruelty  
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew :  
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,  
And learned her discipline of faith and verity.

## XXXII.

But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight,  
His wandring perill closely did lament,  
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight ;  
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,  
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,  
How to escape. At last in privy wise  
To Satyrane she shewed her intent ;  
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,  
How with that pensive Maid he best might thence  
arise.

## XXXIII.

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone  
 To do their service to Sylvanus old,  
 The gentle Virgin, left behinde alone,  
 He led away with corage stout and bold.  
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,  
 Or ever hope recover her againe :  
 In vaine he seekes that, having, cannot hold.  
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,  
 That they the woods are past, and come now to  
 the plaine.

## XXXIV.

The better part now of the lingring day  
 They traveild had, whenas they far espide  
 A weary wight forwandring by the way ;  
 And towards him they gan in hast to ride,  
 To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,  
 Or tidings of her Knight of the Redcrosse ;  
 But he, them saying, gan to turne aside  
 For feare, as seemed, or for some feigned losse :  
 More greedy they of newes fast towards him do  
 crosse.

## XXXV.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,  
 And soild with dust of the long dried way ;  
 His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,  
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,  
 As he had traveild many a sommers day  
 Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde ;  
 And in his hand a Iacobs staffe, to stay  
 His weary limbs upon ; and eke behind  
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he  
 did bind.

## XXXVI.

The Knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd  
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;  
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.  
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew  
Or heard abroad of that her Champion trew,  
That in his armour bare a croslet red. [rew  
“ Ay me! dear Dame,” quoth he, “ well may I  
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;  
These eies did see that Knight both living and  
eke ded.”

## XXXVII.

That cruell word her tender hart so thirld,  
That suddain cold did ronne through every vaine,  
And stony horror all her sences fild  
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.  
The Knight her lightly reared up againe,  
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:  
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine  
The further processe of her hidden grieve:  
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the  
chief.

## XXXVIII.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus; “ I chaunst this day,  
This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,  
To see two Knights, in travell on my way,  
(A sory sight,) arraung'd in batteill new,  
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:  
My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,  
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,  
That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life:  
What more? the Redcrosse Knight was slain  
with Paynim knife.”

## XXXIX.

"Ah! dearest Lord," quoth she, "how might  
that bee,

And he the stoutest Knight, that ever wonne?"

"Ah! dearest Dame," quoth he, "how might I see  
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?"

"Where is," said Satyrane, "that Paynims sonne,  
That him of life, and us of ioy, hath refte?"

"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth wonne,  
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left  
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the  
steale were cleft."

## XL.

Therewith the Knight then marched forth in hast,  
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,  
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;  
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,  
Whereas that Pagan proud himselfe did rest  
In secret shadow by a fountaine side;  
Even he it was, that earst would have suppress  
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,  
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide;

## XLI.

And said; "Arise, thou cursed miscreaunt,  
That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous  
train,

Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt  
That good Knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:  
Arise, and with like treason now maintain  
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."

The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,  
And, catching up in hast his three-square shield  
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the  
field;

## XLII.

And, drawing nigh him, said; "Ah! misborn Elfe,  
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent  
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:  
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent  
My name with guile and traiterous intent:  
That Redcrosse Knight, perdie, I never slew;  
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,  
Th' Enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:  
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven  
trew."

## XLIII.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,  
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile  
Each other, bent his enemy to quell;  
That with their force they perst both plate and  
maile,  
And made wide furrowes in their fleshs fraile,  
That it would pittie any living eie:  
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;  
But floods of blood could not them satisfie: [die.  
Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or

## XLIV.

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,  
That, fainting, each themselves to breathen lett;  
And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.  
As when two bores, with rancling malice mett,  
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret;  
Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,  
Where, foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they  
whett,  
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;  
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and  
entire.

**So fiercely, when these Knights had breathed once,  
They gan to fight retourne ; increasing more  
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,  
With heaped strokes more hugely then before ;  
That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,  
They both deformed, scarsely could bee known.  
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,  
Led with their noise which through the aire was  
                thrown,   [sown.  
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had**

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin  
Espide, he gan revive the memory  
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin ;  
And lefte the doubtfull battel hastily,  
To catch her, newly offred to his eie :  
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,  
And sternely bad him other business plie  
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid :  
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches  
said :

“ O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad  
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?  
Were it not better I that Lady had  
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?  
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate  
To love another: Lo then, for thine ayd,  
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.”  
So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd  
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore  
afrayd.

## XLVIII.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,  
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay  
In secret shadow all this to behold ;  
And much reioyced in their bloody fray :  
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,  
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,  
In hope to bring her to her last decay.  
But for to tell her lamentable cace,  
And eke this battels end, will need another place.



## CANTO VII.

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The Redcrosse Knight is captive made,  
By Gyaunt proud opprest :  
Prince Arthure meets with Una greatly  
with those newes distrest.

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## I.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,  
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,  
By which Deceipt doth maske in visour faire,  
And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,  
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can  
faine,  
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,  
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine ?  
Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,  
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

## II.

Who when, returning from the dreery Night,  
She found not in that perilous Hous of Pryde,  
Where she had left, the noble Redcrosse Knight,  
Her hoped pray ; she would no lenger byde,  
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.  
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate  
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,  
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate ;  
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

## III.

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes  
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,  
Which through the trembling leaves full gently  
playes,  
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd  
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd :  
The Witch approching gan him fayrely greet,  
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd  
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,  
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with  
hony sweet.

## IV.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,  
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,  
Which shilded them against the boyling heat,  
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,  
About the fountaine like a girlond made ;  
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,  
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade :  
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,  
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

## V.

The cause was this : One day, when Phœbe fayre  
With all her band was following the chace,  
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching  
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race : [ayre,  
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,  
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,  
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.  
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow ;  
And all, that drinke thereof, do faint and feeble  
grow.

## VI.

Hereof this gentle Knight unweeting was ;  
And, lying downe upon the sandie graile,  
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas :  
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,  
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.  
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt ;  
Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,  
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,  
Which, like a fever fit, through all his bodie swelt.

## VII.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,  
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,  
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame :  
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,  
Which through the wood loud bellowing did  
    rebownd,  
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,  
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,  
Upstarte lightly from his looser Make,  
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

## VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,  
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy  
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,  
An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye,  
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye ;  
The ground eke groned under him for dread :  
His living like saw never living eye,  
Ne durst behold ; his stature did exceed  
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

## IX.

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,  
And blustering Æolus his boasted syre;  
Who with his breath, which through the world  
doth pas,  
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,  
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,  
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,  
In which the wombes of wemen do expyre,  
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly  
slyme, [cryme.  
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull

## X.

So growen great, through arrogant delight  
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,  
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,  
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.  
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,  
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde  
Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne  
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made  
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dis-  
mayde.

## XI.

That, when the Knight he spyde, he gan advance  
With huge force and insupportable mayne,  
And towardes him with dreadfull fury prounce;  
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine  
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,  
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;  
And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,  
Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble  
made, [blade.  
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single

## XII.

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,  
That could have overthrowne a stony towre ;  
And, were not heavenly grace that did him blesse,  
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre :  
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,  
And lightly lept from underneath the blow ;  
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,  
That with the winde it did him overthrow,  
And all his sences stoond, that still he lay full low,

## XIII.

As when that diuinish yron engin, wrought  
In deepest hell, and framd by Furies skill,  
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,  
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,  
Conceiveth fyre ; the heavens it doth fill  
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,  
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,  
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking  
smoke ;  
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt  
the stroke.

## XIV.

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the Knight,  
His heaue hand he heaved up on hye,  
And him to dust thought to have battred quight  
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye ;  
“ O great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,  
O ! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake ;  
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,  
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,  
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take,”

## XV.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes;  
To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake :  
So willingly she came into his armes,  
Who her as willingly to grace did take,  
And was possessed of his newfound Make.  
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse;  
And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,  
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,  
And in a dongeon deepe him threw without  
remorse.

## XVI.

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,  
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye :  
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,  
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,  
And her endowd with royall maiestye :  
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,  
And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,  
A monstrous Beast ybredd in filthy fen  
He chose, which he had kept long time in dark-  
som den.

## XVII.

Such one it was, as that renowned snake  
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,  
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake :  
Whose many heades out-budding ever new  
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.  
But this same Monster much more ugly was ;  
For seven great heads out of his body grew,  
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,  
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as  
glas.

## XVIII.

His taylor stretched out in wondrous length,  
That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught;  
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,  
The ever burning lamps from thence it braught,  
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;  
And underneath his filthy feet did tread  
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.  
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head  
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

## XIX.

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his Maisters fall,  
(Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,)  
And valiant Knight become a caytive thrall;  
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;  
His mightie armour, missing most at need;  
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;  
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed;  
The rueful monuments of heavinesse;  
And with them all departes, to tell his great  
distresse.

## XX.

He had not travaill long, when on the way  
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met  
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,  
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:  
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,  
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,  
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,  
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;  
Yet might her pitteous hart be seen to pant and  
quake,

## XXI.

The messenger of so unhappie newes  
Would faine have dyde ; dead was his hart within ;  
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes :  
At last, recovering hart, he does begin  
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,  
And everie tender part does tosse and turne :  
So hardly he the flitted life does win  
Unto her native prison to retourne.  
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and  
mourne :

## XXII.

“ Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,  
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,  
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,  
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,  
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,  
The which my life and love together tyde ?  
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse Cold  
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side ;  
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde,

## XXIII.

“ O lightsome Day, the lampe of highest Love,  
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,  
When Darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove ;  
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,  
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde :  
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,  
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.  
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,  
But, seeled up with death, shall have their deadly  
meed.”



## XXIV.

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground ;  
But he her quickly reared up againe :  
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,  
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.  
At last when Life recover'd had the raine,  
And over-wrestled his strong Enemy,  
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,  
" Tell on," quoth she, " the wofull tragedy,  
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye :

## XXV.

" Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight  
And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart :  
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight  
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart :  
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare ech part.  
If death it be ; it is not the first wound,  
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.  
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound ;  
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have  
found."

## XXVI.

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare ;  
The subtile traines of Archimago old ;  
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,  
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold ;  
The wretched Payre transformd to treën mould ;  
The House of Pryde, and perilles round about ;  
The combat, which he with Sansioy did hould ;  
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout,  
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in  
doubt.

## XXVII.

She heard with patience all unto the end ;  
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,  
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,  
And almost rent her tender hart in tway ;  
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay ;  
For greater love, the greater is the losse.  
Was never Lady loved dearer day  
Then she did love the Knight of the Redcrosse ;  
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did  
tosse.

## XXVIII.

At last, when fervent sorrow slaked was,  
She up arose, resolving him to find  
Alive or dead ; and forward forth doth pas,  
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd :  
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,  
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale :  
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,  
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,  
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many  
a vale.

## XXIX.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet  
A goodly Knight, faire marching by the way,  
Together with his Squyre, arayed meet :  
His glitterand armour shined far away,  
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray ;  
From top to toe no place appeared bare,  
That deadly dint of steele endanger may :  
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,  
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most  
pretious rare :

## XXX.

And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone  
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,  
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,  
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,  
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :  
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong  
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,  
Whose hilts were burnisht gold ; and handle strong  
Of mother perle ; and buckled with a golden tong.

## XXXI.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,  
Both glorious brightnesse and great terror bredd :  
For all the crest a dragon did enfold,  
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd  
His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous hedd,  
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw  
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,  
That suddeine horror to faint hartes did show ;  
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back  
full low.

## XXXII.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,  
A bouch of heares discolour'd diversly,  
With sprinckled pearle and gold full richly drest,  
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity ;  
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye  
On top of greene Selinis all alone,  
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;  
Whose tender locks do tremble every one  
Ateverie little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

## XXXIII.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,  
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;  
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,  
(Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene,)  
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene  
It framed was, one massy éntire mould,  
Hew'n out of adamant rocke with engines keene,  
That point of speare it never percen could,  
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance  
would.

## XXXIV.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,  
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,  
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,  
Or when the flying heavens he would affray:  
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,  
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,  
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;  
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,  
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts  
constraint.

## XXXV.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,  
Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call;  
But all that was not such as seemd in sight  
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:  
And, when him list the raskall routes appall,  
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,  
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;  
And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,  
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other  
hew.

## XXXVI.

Ne let it seeme that credence this excee-des ;  
For he, that made the same, was knowne right  
well

To have done much more admirable deedes :  
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell  
All living wightes in might of magicke spell :  
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought  
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell ;  
But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought  
To Faerie lond ; where yet it may be seene, if  
sought.

## XXXVII.

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,  
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,  
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,  
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square ;  
A goodly person ; and could menage faire  
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,  
Who under him did trample as the aire,  
And chaft, that any on his backe should sitt ;  
The yron rowels into frothy fume he bitt.

## XXXVIII.

Whenas this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,  
With lovely court he gan her enttaine ;  
But, when he heard her aunswers loth, he knew  
Some secret sorrow did her heart distaine :  
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,  
Faie feeling words he wisely gan display,  
And, for her humor fitting purpose faine,  
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray ;  
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gan  
to say ;

## XXXIX.

“What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,  
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep;  
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?  
The carefull Cold beginneth for to creep,  
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,  
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.  
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,  
Then rip up grieve, where it may not availe;  
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile.”

## XL.

“Ah Lady deare,” quoth then the gentle Knight,  
“Well may I ween your grieve is wondrous great;  
For wondrous great grieve groneth in my spright,  
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.  
But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete  
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:  
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,  
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;  
Found never help, who never would his hurts  
impart.”

## XLI.

“O! but,” quoth she, “great grieve will not be  
And can more easily be thought then said.” [tould,  
“Right so,” quoth he; “but he, that never would,  
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.”  
“But grieve,” quoth she, “does greater grow dis-  
plaid,  
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.”  
“Despaire breeds not,” quoth he, “where faith  
is staid.”  
“No faith so fast,” quoth she, “but flesh does  
paire.” [repaire.”  
“Flesh may empaire,” quoth he, “but reason can  
VOL. I. O

## XLII.

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,  
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,  
That her perswaded to disclose the breach  
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;  
And said; " Faire sir, I hope good hap hath  
brought

You to inquere the secrets of my grieve;  
Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;  
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe;  
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you  
briefe.

## XLIII.

" The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies have seene  
The laughing stocke of Fortunes mockeries,  
Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,  
Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies  
Did ronne about, and their felicities  
The favourable heavens did not envy,)  
Did spred their rule through all the territories,  
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,  
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually:

## XLIV.

" Till that their cruell cursed enemy,  
An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,  
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,  
With murderous ravine, and devouring might,  
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted  
quight:

Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,  
He forst to castle strong to take their fight;  
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,  
He has them now fowr years besieged to make  
them thrall.

## XLV.

“ Full many Knights, adventurous and stout,  
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew :  
From every coast, that heaven walks about,  
Have thither come the noble martial crew,  
That famous harde atchievements still pursew ;  
Yet never any could that girlond win,  
But all still shronke ; and still he greater grew :  
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,  
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

## XLVI.

“ At last, yled with far reported praise,  
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,  
Of doughty Knights, whom Fary land did raise,  
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,  
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,  
Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright,  
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red ;  
There to obtaine some such redoubted Knight,  
That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver  
might.

## XLVII.

“ Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and  
good)  
There for to find a fresh unproved Knight ;  
Whose manly hands imbrawd in guilty blood  
Had never beene, ne ever by his might  
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right :  
Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made  
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight ;  
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide  
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.



## XLVIII.

“ And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,  
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,  
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,  
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,  
And well could rule; now he hath left you heare  
To be the record of his ruefull losse,  
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare:  
O heavie record of the good Redcrosse,  
Where have yee left your lord, that could so well  
you tosse?

## XLIX.

“ Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,  
That he my captive languor should redeeme:  
Till all unweeting an Enchaunter bad  
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme  
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,  
That rather death desire then such despight.  
Be iudge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,  
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might!  
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought  
aright.

## L.

“ Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,  
To wander, where wilde Fortune would me lead,  
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,  
Where never foote of living wight did tread,  
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;  
In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,  
Mine only foe, mine onely deadly dread;  
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweets,  
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

## LI.

“ At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid  
Unto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall ;  
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,  
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall  
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,  
Whose fall did never foe before behold :  
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,  
Remédillesse, for aie he doth him hold :  
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may  
be told.”

## LII.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint :  
But he her comforted, and faire bespake ;  
“ Certes, Madáme, ye have great cause of plaint,  
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.  
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take ;  
For, till I have acquit your captive Knight,  
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.”  
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse  
spright :  
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever  
right.

## CANTO VIII.

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Faire Virgin, to redeeme her deare,  
Brings Arthure to the fight :  
Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the Beast,  
And strips Duessa quight.

---

I,

AY me, how many perils doe enfold  
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,  
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,  
And stedfast Truth acquite him out of all !  
Her love is firme, her care continuall,  
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride  
Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall :  
Els should this Redcrosse Knight in bands have  
dyde,  
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thether  
guyd.

II

They sadly traveild thus, untill they came  
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye :  
Then cryde the Dwarfe, " Lo ! yonder is the same,  
In which my Lord, my Liege, doth lucklesse ly  
Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny :  
Therefore, deare sir, your mightie powres assay."  
The noble Knight alighted by and by  
From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,  
To see what end of fight should him befall that day,

## III.

So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,  
He marched forth towards that castle wall ;  
Whose gates he found fast shutt, ne living wight  
To warde the same, nor answere commers call.  
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,  
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold  
And tasselles gay ; wyde wonders over all  
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,  
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

## IV.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,  
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine ;  
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,  
And ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe :  
No faulse enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine,  
Might once abide the terror of that blast,  
But presently was void and wholly vaine ;  
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,  
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

## V.

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,  
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,  
And every dore of free-will open flew.  
The Gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,  
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,  
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,  
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,  
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre,  
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his  
dreaded powre.

## VI.

And after him the proud Duessa came,  
High mounted on her many-headed Beast;  
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,  
And every head was crowned on his creast,  
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.  
That when the Knight beheld, his mightie shild  
Upon his manly arme he soone adrest,  
And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,  
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

## VII.

Therewith the Gyaunt buckled him to fight,  
Inflamd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,  
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,  
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,  
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.  
But wise and wary was that noble Pere;  
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,  
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere;  
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to  
beare;

## VIII.

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:  
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,  
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,  
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway  
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,  
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:  
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,  
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow;  
And, trembling with strange feare, did like an  
erthquake show.

## IX.

As when almightie Ioue, in wrathfull mood,  
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,  
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,  
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,  
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;  
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,  
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,  
And all that might his angry passage stay;  
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

## X.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,  
He could not rearen up againe so light,  
But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;  
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight  
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright  
He smott off his left arme, which like a block  
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;  
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock  
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven  
rocke.

## XI.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,  
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,  
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,  
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe:  
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine  
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,  
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,  
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:  
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur  
ring.

## XII.

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw  
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,  
Unto his aide she hastily did draw  
Her dreadfull Beast; who, swolne with blood of  
late,  
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,  
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.  
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,  
Encountering fiers with single sword in hand;  
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke  
stand.

## XIII.

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight  
And fiers disdaine, to be affronted so,  
Enforst her purple Beast with all her might,  
That stop out of the way to overthrow,  
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:  
But nathemore would that corageous Swayne  
To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe;  
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,  
And with his body bard the way atwixt them  
twaine.

## XIV.

Then tooke the angrie Witch her golden cup,  
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;  
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,  
And secret poyson through their inner partes;  
Th' eternall bale of heaue wounded harts: [said,  
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments  
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:  
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayed,  
And all his sences were with suddein dread dis-  
mayd.

## XV.

So downe he fell before the cruell Beast,  
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,  
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:  
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.  
That when the carefull Knight gan well avise,  
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,  
And to the Beast gan turne his enterprise;  
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,  
To see his loved Squire into such thraldom brought:

## XVI.

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,  
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,  
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made;  
His monstrous scalpe down to his teeth it tore,  
And that misformed shape misshaped more:  
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,  
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,  
And overflowed all the field arownd;  
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

## XVII.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,  
That, to have heard, great horror would have bred;  
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,  
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,  
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted  
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,  
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;  
Who, all earag'd with smart and frantick yre,  
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the Knight  
retyre.



## XVIII.

The force, which wont in two to be disperat,  
In one alone left hand he now unites,  
Which is through rage more strong than both  
were erst;  
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,  
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,  
That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow:  
The stroke upon his shield so heauie lites,  
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:—  
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous  
blow?

## XIX.

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,  
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;  
The light whereof, that heuens light did pas,  
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayër threw,  
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.  
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,  
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew  
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye  
For to have slain the Man, that on the ground did  
lye.

## XX.

And eke the fruitfull-headed Beast, amazd  
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,  
Became stark blind, and all his senses dazd,  
That downe he tumbled on the durty field,  
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.  
Whom when his Maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,  
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,  
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call;  
“O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe, or els we perish all.”

## XXI.

At her so pitteous cry was much amoo'v'd  
Her champion stout; and, for to ayde his frend,  
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,  
But all in vaine; for he has redd his end  
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend  
Themselves in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,  
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.  
As where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,  
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sences  
quight.

## XXII.

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new address  
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,  
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,  
And smote off quite his left leg by the knee,  
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,  
High growing on the top of rocky clift, [be;  
Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen  
The mightie trunck halfe rent with ragged rift  
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with feare-  
full drift.

## XXIII.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,  
By subtile engins and malicious slight  
Is undermined from the lowest ground,  
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,  
At last downe falles; and with her heaped hight  
Her hastie ruine does more heaueie make,  
And yields it selfe unto the victours might:  
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake  
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

## XXIV.

The Knight then, lightly leaping to the pray,  
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,  
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,  
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,  
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.  
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,  
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,  
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mas  
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

## XXV.

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,  
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,  
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde :  
Such percing grieffe her stubborne hart did wound,  
That she could not endure that dolefull stound ;  
But, leaving all behind her, fled away :  
The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,  
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,  
So brought unto his Lord, as his deserved pray.

## XXVI.

The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,  
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,  
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,  
Came running fast to greet his victorie,  
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie ;  
And, with sweet ioyous cheare, him thus bespake ;  
“ Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,  
That with your worth the world amazed make,  
How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my sake ?

## XXVII.

“ And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,  
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,  
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past  
Wherewith you to reward ? Accept therefore  
My simple selfe, and service evermore.  
And He that high does sit, and all things see  
With equall eye, their merites to restore,  
Behold what ye this day have done for mee ;  
And, what I cannot quite, requite with usuree !

## XXVIII.

“ But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,  
Have made you master of the field this day ;  
Your fortune maister eke with governing,  
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray !  
Ne let that wicked Woman scape away ;  
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,  
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay ;  
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all :  
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call !”

## XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,  
That scarlot Whore to keepeen carefully ;  
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre  
Into the castle entred forcibly,  
Where living creature none he did espye :  
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call ;  
But no man car'd to answer to his crye :  
There raignd a solemne silence over all ;  
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in  
bowre or hall !

## XXX.

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came  
An old old man, with beard as white as snow ;  
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,  
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro ;  
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo ;  
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,  
The which unused rust did overgrow ;  
Those were the keyes of every inner dore ;  
But he could not them use, but kept them still in  
store.

## XXXI.

But very uncouth sight was to behold,  
How he did fashion his untoward pace ;  
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,  
So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face :  
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,  
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.  
This was the auncient Keeper of that place,  
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead ;  
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

## XXXII.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee  
The Knight much honord, as beseemed well ;  
And gently askt, where all the people bee,  
Which in that stately building wont to dwell :  
Who answered him full soft, *He could not tell.*  
Again he askt, where that same Knight was layd,  
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell  
Had made his caytive thrall : Againe he sayde,  
*He could not tell ;* ne ever other answer made.

## XXXIII.

Then asked he, which way he in might pas :  
*He could not tell*, againe he answered.  
Thereat the courteous Knight displeased was,  
And said ; “ Old syre, it seemes thou hast not red  
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,  
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee :  
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed  
With Natures pen, in ages grave degree,  
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee.”

## XXXIV.

His answere likewise was, *He could not tell*.  
Whose scencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,  
Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,  
He ghest his nature by his countenance ;  
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.  
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reache  
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.  
Each dore he opened without any breach :  
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to em-  
peach.

## XXXV.

There all within full rich arayd he found,  
With royall arras, and resplendent gold,  
And did with store of every thing abound,  
That greatest princes presence might behold.  
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)  
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,  
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,  
Defiled was ; that dreadfull was to vew ;  
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

## XXXVI.

And there beside of marble stone was built  
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery ;  
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,  
And holy martyres often doen to dye,  
With cruell malice and strong tyranny :  
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,  
To God for vengeance cryde continually ;  
And with great grieve were often heard to grone ;  
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their  
piteous mone.

## XXXVII.

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr ;  
But no where could he find that wofull Thrall.  
At last he came unto an yron doore,  
That fast was lockt ; but key found not at all  
Emongst that bounch to open it withall ;  
But in the same a little grate was pight,  
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call  
With all his powre, to weet if living wight  
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

## XXXVIII.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce  
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound ;  
“ O ! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce  
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,  
Yet live perforce in balefull darknesse bound ?  
For now three moones have changed thrice their  
hew,  
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,  
Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew :  
O welcome, thou, that doest of death bring tydings  
trew !”

## XXXIX.

Which when that Champion heard, with piercing  
point  
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore ;  
And trembling horror ran through every ioynt,  
For ruth of gentle Knight so fowle forlore :  
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore  
With furious force and indignation fell ;  
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,  
But all a deepe descent, as dark as hell,  
That breathed ever forth a filthie-banefull smell.

## XL.

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,  
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,  
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands),  
But that with constant zeale and corage bold,  
After long paines and labors manifold,  
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare ;  
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold  
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare ;  
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

## XLI.

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,  
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view ;  
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,  
And empty sides deceived of their dew,  
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew ;  
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs  
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,  
Were clene consum'd ; and all his vitall powres  
Decayd ; and al his flesh shronk up like withered  
flowres,



## XLII.

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran  
With hasty ioy ; to see him made her glad,  
And sad to view his visage pale and wan ;  
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.  
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,  
She said ; “ Ah dearest Lord ! what evil starre  
On you hath frownd and pourd his influence bad,  
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,  
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth  
marre ?

## XLIII.

“ But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe ;  
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day :  
And fye on Fortune mine avowed foe,  
Whose wrathful wreaques themselves doe now alay ;  
And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay  
Of treble good : Good growes of evils priefe.”  
The chearlesse Man, whom sorrow did dismay,  
Had no delight to treaten of his grieve ;  
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

## XLIV.

“ Faire Lady,” then said that victorious Knight,  
“ The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,  
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight ;  
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare :  
But th’ only good, that growes of passed feare,  
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.  
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare  
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,  
*That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.*

## XLV.

“ Henceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wonted  
strength,  
And maister these mishaps with patient might :  
Loe, where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous  
length ;  
And loe, that wicked Woman in your sight,  
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,  
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.”  
“ To doe her die,” quoth Una, “ were despight,  
And shame t’avenge so weake an enemy ;  
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.”

## XLVI.

So, as she bad, that Witch they disaraid,  
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,  
And ornaments that richly were displaid ;  
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.  
Then, when they had despoyl’d her tire and call,  
Such, as she was, their eies might her behold,  
That her misshaped parts did them appall ;  
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,  
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be  
told.

## XLVII.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,  
And, as in hate of honorable eld,  
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald ;  
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,  
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld ;  
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,  
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld ;  
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,  
So scabby was, that would have loathd all wo-  
mankind,

## XLVIII.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,  
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write :  
But at her rompe she growing had behind  
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight :  
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;  
For one of them was like an eagles claw,  
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight;  
The other like a beares uneven paw :  
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

## XLIX.

Which when the Knights beheld, amazd they were,  
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.  
“ Such then,” said Una, “ as she seemeth here,  
Such is the face of Falshood; such the sight  
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light  
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.”  
Thus when they had the Witch disrobed quight,  
And all her filthy feature open showne,  
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

## L.

Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,  
And from the world that her discovered wide,  
Fled to the wastfull wilderness apace,  
From living eies her open shame to hide ;  
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.  
But that faire crew of Knights, and Una faire,  
Did in that castle afterwards abide,  
To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire :  
Where store they fownd of al, that dainty was  
and rare.

## CANTO IX.

---

His loves and lignage Arthure tells :  
The Knights knitt friendly bands :  
Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre,  
Whom Redcros Knight withstands.

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## I.

O! GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere  
The vertues linked are in lovely wize ;  
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,  
In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprise,  
That none did others safety despize,  
Nor aid envý to him, in need that stands ;  
But friendly each did others praise devize,  
How to advaunce with favourable hands,  
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse  
Knight from bands.

## II.

Who when their powres, empayrd through labor  
long,  
With dew repast they had recured well,  
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong,  
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,  
But forward fare, as their adventures fell :  
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought  
That straunger Knight his name and nation tell ;  
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,  
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles  
thought.

## III.

"Faire Virgin," said the Prince, "yee me require  
A thing without the compas of my witt:  
For both the lignage, and the certein sire,  
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt.  
For all so soone as life did me admitt  
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,  
From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,  
And streight deliver'd to a Fary Knight,  
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall  
might.

## IV.

"Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;  
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene  
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,  
And is the wisest now on earth I weene:  
His dwelling is, low in a valley greene,  
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,  
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,  
His tombing billowes rolls with gentle rore;  
There all my daies he trained me up in vertuous lore.

## V.

"Thether the great magicien Merlin came,  
As was his use, oftentimes to visitt mee;  
For he had charge my discipline to frame,  
And tutors nouriture to oversee.  
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,  
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring.  
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,  
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,  
As time in her iust term the truth to light should  
bring."

## VI.

" Well worthy impe," said then the Lady gent,  
" And pupil fitt for such a tutors hand !  
But what adventure, or what high intent,  
Hath brought you hether into Fary land,  
Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of martiall band?"  
" Full hard it is," quoth he, " to read aright  
The course of heavenly cause, or understand  
The secret meaning of th' Eternall Might,  
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of  
living wight.

## VII.

" For whether He, through fatal deepe foresight,  
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghet ;  
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night  
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,  
With forced fury following his behest,  
Me hether brought by wayes yet never found ;  
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest."  
" Ah ! courteous Knight," quoth she, " what se-  
cret wound [ground?"  
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on

## VIII.

" Dear Dame," quoth he, " you sleeping sparkes  
awake,  
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow ;  
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,  
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,  
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.  
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,  
But, told, it flames : and, hidden, it does glow ;  
I will revele what ye so much desire : [respyre.  
Ah ! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may

## IX.

" It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,  
When corage first does creepe in manly chest;  
Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares  
To kindle love in every living brest:  
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,  
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,  
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,  
As miserable lovers use to rew, [eth new.  
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe stil wex-

## X.

" That ydle name of love, and lovers life,  
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,  
I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,  
In midst of their mournfull tragedy;  
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,  
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:  
Their god himselfe, grievd at my libertie,  
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;  
But I them warded all with wary government.

## XI.

" But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,  
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,  
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,  
Or unawares at disadvantage fownd:  
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.  
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,  
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,  
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,  
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most  
despight.

## XII.

“ Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,  
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;  
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy  
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.  
For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee  
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,  
Raunging the forest wide on courser free, [sent,  
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one con-  
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

## XIII.

“ Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight  
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:  
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,  
And piilow was my helmett fayre displayd:  
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,  
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,  
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd  
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:  
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

## XIV.

“ Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment  
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;  
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,  
As, when iust time expired, should appeare.  
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,  
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,  
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,  
As she to me delivered all that night;  
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faries  
hight.



## XV.

"When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,  
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,  
I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,  
And washed all her place with watry eyen.  
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;  
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,  
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,  
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd;  
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow  
unbynd."

## XVI.

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,  
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;  
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,  
And hide the smoke that did his fire display;  
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;  
"O happy Queene of Faries, that hast fownd,  
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may  
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd!  
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on  
grownd."

## XVII.

"Thine, O! then," said the gentle Redcrosse  
Knight,  
"Next to that Ladies love, shal be the place,  
O fayrest Virgin, full of heavenly light,  
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,  
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.  
And you, my Lord, the patrone of my life,  
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie grace;  
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,  
Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her lief,"

## XVIII.

So diversly discoursing of their loves,  
The golden sunne his glistring head gan shew,  
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves  
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew :  
Als Una earnd her travaill to renew.  
Then those two Knights, fast frendship for to bynd,  
And love establish each to other trew,  
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,  
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together  
ioynd.

## XIX.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,  
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,  
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,  
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,  
That any wovnd could heale incontinent.  
Which to requite, the Redcrosse Knight him gave  
A Booke, wherein his Saveours Testament  
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave ;  
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to  
save.

## XX.

Thus beene they parted ; Arthur on his way  
To seek his love, and th' other for to fight  
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.  
But she, now weighing the decayed plight  
And shrunken synewes of her chosen Knight,  
Would not a while her forward course pursew,  
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,  
Till he recovered had his former hew :  
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

## XXI.

So as they traveld, lo! they gan espy  
 An armed Knight towards them gallop fast,  
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,  
 Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.  
 Still, as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,  
 As if his feare still followed him behynd:  
 Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,  
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,  
 As he had been a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

## XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head  
 To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares  
 Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread:  
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,  
 Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,  
 In fowle reproch of knight-hoodes fayre degree,  
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,  
 That with his glstring armes does ill agree:  
 But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

## XXIII.

The Redcrosse Knight toward him crossed fast,  
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:  
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,  
 That of himselfe he seemd to be afrayd;  
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,  
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might;  
 "Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,  
 And eke from whom ye make this hasty flight?  
 For never Knight I saw in such misseeming plight."

## XXIV.

He answerd nought at all ; but adding new  
Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde  
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,  
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde  
Infernall Furies with their chaines untyde.  
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake  
The gentle Knight ; who nought to him replyde ;  
But, trembling every ioynt, did inly quake,  
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd  
forth to shake ;

## XXV.

“ For Gods deare love, .Sir Knight, doe me not  
stay ;  
For loe ! he comes, he comes fast after mee ! ”  
Eft looking back would faine have runne away ;  
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free  
The secrete cause of his perplexitie :  
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach  
Could his blood-frozen heart emboldned bee,  
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach ;  
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence sud-  
dein breach :

## XXVI.

“ And am I now in safetie sure,” quoth he,  
“ From him, that would have forced me to dye ?  
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,  
That I may tell this haplesse history ? ” [nye.”  
“ Fear nought,” quoth he, “ no daunger now is  
“ Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,”  
Said he, “ the which with this unlucky eye  
I late beheld ; and, had not greater grace  
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place,

## XXVII.

“ I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst !)  
With a fayre Knight to keepe companee,  
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst  
In all affayres, and was both bold and free ;  
But not so happy as mote happy bee ;  
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,  
That him againe lov'd in the least degree ;  
For she was proud, and of too high intent,  
And ioyd to see her lover languish and lament :

## XXVIII.

“ From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,  
As on the way together we did fare,  
We met that Villen, (God from him me blesse !)  
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,  
A man of hell, that calls himself *Despayre* :  
Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes  
Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare :  
So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,  
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

## XXIX.

“ Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts  
Emboist with bale, and bitter byting grieffe,  
Which love had launched with his deadly darts ;  
With wounding words, and termes of foule re-  
prieffe,  
He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,  
That earst us held in love of lingring life :  
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe  
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife ;  
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife :

## XXX.

“ With which sad instrument of hasty death,  
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,  
A wyde way made to let forth living breath.  
But I, more fearfull or more lucky wight,  
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,  
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;  
Ne yet assur’d of life by you, Sir Knight,  
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare:  
But God you never let his charmed speeches  
heare !”

## XXXI.

“ How may a man,” said he, “ with idle speach  
Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health ?”  
“ I wote,” quoth he, “ whom tryall late did teach,  
That like would not for all this worldës wealth.  
His subtile tong, like dropping honny, mealt’h  
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;  
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth  
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.  
O never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull trajne !”

## XXXII.

“ Certes,” sayd he, “ hence shall I never rest,  
Till I that Treachours art have heard and tryde;  
And you, Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,  
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.”  
“ I, that hight Trevisan,” quoth he, “ will ryde,  
Against my hiking, backe to doe you grace:  
But not for gold nor glee will I abyde  
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;  
For lever had I die then see his deadly face.”

## XXXIII.

Ere long they come, when that same wicked wight  
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,  
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,  
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave :  
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,  
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave  
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;  
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and  
howle :

## XXXIV.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,  
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,  
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;  
On which had many wretches hanged beene,  
Whose carcasses were scattred on the greene,  
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,  
That bare-head Knight, for dread and dolefull  
teene,  
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare ;  
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in  
feare.

## XXXV.

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find  
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,  
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind :  
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,  
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,  
And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne  
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;  
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,  
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

## XXXVI.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
With thornes together pind and patched was,  
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts :  
And him beside there lay upon the gras  
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,  
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,  
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !  
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,  
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

## XXXVII.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew  
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,  
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse Knight did vew,  
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold  
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold ;  
And to the Villein sayd ; “ Thou damned wight,  
The authour of this fact we here behold,  
What iustice can but iudge against thee right,  
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here  
shed in sight ?”

## XXXVIII.

“ What franticke fit,” quoth he, “ hath thus dis-  
traught  
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give ?  
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,  
But he should dye, who merites not to live ?  
None els to death this man despayring drive  
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.  
Is then uniust to each his dew to give ?  
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath ?  
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath ?



## XXXIX.

“ Who travailes by the wearie wandering way,  
To come unto his wished home in haste,  
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,  
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,  
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?  
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good;  
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast;  
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood  
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the  
flood?

## XL.

“ He there does now enioy eternall rest  
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,  
And further from it daily wanderest:  
What if some little payne the passage have,  
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave;  
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long  
ease,  
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?  
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly  
please.”

## XLI.

The Knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,  
And sayd; “ The terme of life is limited,  
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:  
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,  
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine bed.”  
“ Who life did limit by Almighty doome,  
Quoth he, “ knowes best the termes established;  
And he, that points the centonell his roome,  
Doth license him depart at sound of morning  
droume.

## XLII.

" Is not His deed, what ever thing is donne  
In heaven and earth? Did not He all create  
To die againe? All ends, that was begonne:  
Their times in His eternall booke of fate  
Are written sure, and have their certein date.  
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,  
That holds the world in his still chaunging state;  
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?  
When houre of death is come, let none aske  
whence, nor why.

## XLIII.

" The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;  
The greater sin, the greater punishment:  
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win  
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,  
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:  
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.  
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?  
For he that once hath missed the right way,  
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

## XLIV.

" Then doe no further goe, no further stray;  
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,  
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.  
For what hath life, that may it loved make,  
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?  
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,  
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake;  
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;  
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loath-  
some life.

## XLV.

"Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,  
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;  
For never Knight, that dared warlike deed,  
More luckless dissauentures did amate:  
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late  
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;  
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,  
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,  
Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

## XLVI.

"Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire  
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?  
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire  
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,  
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?  
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild  
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,  
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,  
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

## XLVII.

"Is not He iust, that all this doth behold  
From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?  
Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold,  
And guilty be of thine impietie?  
Is not His law, Let every sinner die,  
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be  
Is it not better to doe willinglie, [donne,  
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?  
Death is the end of woes: Die soone, O Faries  
sonne."

## XLVIII.

The Knight was much enmoued with his speach,  
That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,  
And in his conscience made a secreete breach,  
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,  
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse  
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;  
That all his manly powres it did disperse,  
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;  
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

## XLIX.

In which amazement when the Miscraunt  
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,  
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,  
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;  
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,  
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine  
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,  
And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine  
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall re-  
maine.

## L.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismaid,  
That nought but death before his eies he saw,  
And ever burning wrath before him laid,  
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.  
Then gan the Villein him to overcraw,  
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,  
And all that might him to perdition draw;  
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:  
For death was dew to him, that had provokt  
Gods ire.

## LI.

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,  
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,  
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake  
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,  
And troubled blood through his pale face was  
seene

To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,  
As it a ronning messenger had beene.  
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,  
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

## LII.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine  
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,  
As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,  
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,  
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,  
And to him said; "Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight,  
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?  
Is this the battaile, which thou vauntst to fight  
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and  
bright?

## LIII.

"Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,  
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,  
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:  
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?  
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?  
Where iustice growes, there grows eke greater  
grace,  
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,  
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:  
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed  
place."

## LIV.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.  
Which when the Carle beheld, and saw his guest  
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight ;  
He chose an halter from among the rest,  
And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.  
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby ;  
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,  
Yet nathëlesse it could not doe him die,  
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

## CANTO X.

---

Her faithfull Knight faire Una brings  
To House of Holinesse ;  
Where he is taught repentaunce, and  
The way to heavenly blesse.

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## I.

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might  
And vaine assurance of mortality,  
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight  
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,  
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly !  
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,  
That thorough grace hath gained victory :  
If any strength we have, it is to ill ;  
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

## II.

By that which lately hapned, Una saw  
That this her Knight was feeble, and too faint ;  
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,  
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,  
Which he endured in his late restraint,  
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.  
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,  
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,  
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

## III.

There was an auncient House not far away,  
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore  
And pure unspotted life : so well, they say,  
It governd was, and guided evermore,  
Through wisdom of a Matrone grave and hore ;  
Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes  
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore :  
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,  
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

## IV.

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought  
From heaven to come, or thether to arise ;  
The mother of three Daughters, well upbrought  
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise :  
The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,  
Fidelia and Speranza, Virgins were ;  
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize ;  
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere  
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

## V.

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt ;  
For it was warely watched night and day,  
For feare of many foes ; but, when they knockt,  
The porter opened unto them streight way.  
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,  
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,  
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,  
Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low ;  
For streight and narrow was the way which he  
did show.



## VI.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin ;  
But, entred in, a spacious court they see,  
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in ;  
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,  
And entertaines with comely courteous glee ;  
His name was Zele, that him right well became :  
For in his speaches and behaveour hee  
Did labour lively to expresse the same,  
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they  
came.

## VII.

There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,  
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,  
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre ;  
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,  
And knew his good to all of each degree ;  
Hight Reverence : He them with speaches meet  
Does faire entreat ; no courting nicetee,  
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,  
As might become a squyre so great persons to  
greet.

## VIII.

And afterwarde them to his Dame he leades,  
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,  
Who all this while was busy at her beades ;  
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,  
And toward them full matronely did pace.  
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,  
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,  
Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,  
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld :

## IX.

And, her embracing, said, "O happy earth,  
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!  
Most vertuous Virgin, borne of heavenly berth,  
That, to redeeme thy woefull Parents head  
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,  
Hast wandred through the world now long a day,  
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead;  
What grace hath thee now hether brought this  
way?

Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray?

## X.

"Straunge thing it is an errant Knight to see  
Here in this place; or any other wight,  
That hether turnes his steps: So few there bee,  
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right!  
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight  
With many rather for to goe astray,  
And be partakers of their evill plight,  
Then with a few to walke the rightest way:  
O! foolish men, why hast ye to your own decay?"

## XI.

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,  
O Matrone sage," quoth she, "I hether came;  
And this good Knight his way with me addrest,  
Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,  
That up to heven is blowne." The auncient Dame  
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,  
And enterteynd them both, as best became,  
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,  
Ne wanted aught to shew her bounteous or wise.

## XII.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,  
Loe! two most goodly Virgins came in place,  
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise;  
With countenance demure, and modest grace,  
They numbred even steps and equall pace:  
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,  
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face  
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,  
And round about her head did shine like hevens  
light.

## XIII.

She was araied all in lilly white,  
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
With wine and water fild up to the hight,  
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,  
That horroure made to all that did behold;  
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:  
And in her other hand she fast did hold  
A Booke, that was both signd and seald with  
blood;  
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be  
understood.

## XIV.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,  
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;  
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,  
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell  
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:  
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;  
And ever up to heven, as she did pray,  
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

## XV.

They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,  
Who them encounters with like courtesee;  
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,  
And greatly ioy each other for to see:  
Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie  
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,  
And him salute with well beseeming glee;  
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,  
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

## XVI.

Then Una thus; "But she, your sister deare,  
The deare Charissa, where is she become?  
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?"  
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not  
come;  
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,  
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,  
That her to see should be but troublesome."  
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble  
sore;  
But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore!"

## XVII.

Then said the aged Cælia, "Deare dame,  
And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle  
And labors long, through which ye hether came,  
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a while  
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."  
Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd  
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile  
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd:  
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.

## XVIII.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,  
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,  
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,  
To have her Knight into her Schoolehous plaste,  
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,  
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.  
She gaunted; and that Knight so much agraste,  
That she him taught celestiall discipline,  
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them  
shine.

## XIX.

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,  
That none could reade except she did them teach,  
She unto him disclosed every whitt;  
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,  
That weaker witt of man could never reach;  
Of God; of Grace; of Iustice; of Free-will;  
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:  
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,  
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

## XX.

And, when she list poure out her larger spright,  
She would commaund the hasty sunne to stay,  
Or backward turne his course from hevens hight:  
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;  
Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;  
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat  
She would commaund themselves to beare away,  
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:  
Almightie God her gave such powre and puis-  
sance great.

## XXI.

The faithfull Knight now grew in little space,  
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,  
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,  
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,  
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore,  
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,  
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,  
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes :  
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes !

## XXII.

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,  
And taught him how to take assured hold  
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;  
Els has his sinnes so great and manifold  
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.  
In this distressed doubtfull agony,  
When him his dearest Una did behold  
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,  
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity ;

## XXIII.

And came to Cælia to declare her smart ;  
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,  
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,  
Her wisely comforted all that she might,  
With goodly counsell and advisement right ;  
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,  
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight  
In that disease of grieved conscience,  
And well could cure the same ; his name was  
Patience.

## XXIV.

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased Knight,  
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:  
Which knowne, and all, that noyd his heauie  
spright,

Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief  
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;  
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:  
By which to ease he him recured brief,  
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,  
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more  
light.

## XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,  
Inward corruption and infected sin,  
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,  
And festring sore did ranckle yett within,  
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin:  
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily  
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,  
Whereas he meant his cōrrosives to apply,  
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

## XXVI.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array  
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;  
And dieted with fasting every day,  
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;  
And made him pray both earely and eke late:  
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,  
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,  
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,  
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

## XXVII.

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,  
Was wont him once to disple every day :  
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,  
That drops of blood thence like a well did play :  
And sad Repentance used to embay  
His body in salt water smarting sore,  
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.  
So in short space they did to health restore  
The Man that would not live, but erst lay at  
deathes dore.

## XXVIII.

In which his torment often was so great,  
That, like a lyon, he would cry and rore ;  
And rend his flesh ; and his owne synewes eat.  
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore  
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore  
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,  
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore :  
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare ;  
For well she wist his cryme could els be never  
cleare.

## XXIX.

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience  
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought ;  
Who, ioyous of his cured conscience,  
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought  
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought  
To put away out of his carefull brest.  
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,  
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest :  
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.



## XXX.

She was a woman in her freshest age,  
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,  
With goodly grace and comely personage,  
That was on earth not easie to compare;  
Full of great love; but Cupids wanton snare  
As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will;  
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,  
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;  
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

## XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hong,  
Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold;  
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and  
young,  
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:  
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,  
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,  
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:  
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre  
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

## XXXII.

The Knight and Una entring fayre her greet,  
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;  
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,  
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.  
Then Una her besought, to be so good  
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her Knight,  
Now after all his torment well withstood  
In that sad House of Penance, where his spright  
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring  
night.

## XXXIII.

She was right ioyous of her iust request;  
And, taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,  
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,  
Of Love; and Righteousnes; and Well to donne;  
And Wrath and Hatred warëly to shonne,  
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,  
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:  
In which when him she well instructed hath,  
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready  
path.

## XXXIV.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,  
An auncient Matrone she to her does call,  
Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde;  
Her name was Mercy; well knowne over all  
To be both gracious and eke liberall:  
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,  
To leade aright, that he should never fall  
In all his waies through this wide worldës wave;  
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might  
save.

## XXXV.

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares  
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,  
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,  
Which still before him she remov'd away,  
That nothing might his ready passage stay:  
And ever when his feet encombred were,  
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,  
She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare;  
As carefull nurse her child from falling oft does  
reare.

## XXXVI.

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,  
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;  
In which Seven Bead-men, that had vowed all  
Their life to service of high heavens King,  
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:  
Their gates to all were open evermore,  
That by the wearie way were traveiling;  
And one sate wayting ever them before,  
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

## XXXVII.

The First of them, that eldest was and best,  
Of all the house had charge and governement,  
As guardian and steward of the rest:  
His office was to give entertainemént  
And lodging unto all that came and went;  
Not unto such as could him feast againe,  
And double quite for that he on them spent;  
But such, as want of harbour did constraîne:  
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

## XXXVIII.

The Second was as almner of the place:  
His office was the hungry for to feed,  
And thristy give to drinke; a worke of grace:  
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,  
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:  
The grace of God he layd up still in store,  
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede:  
He had enough; what need him care for more?  
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the  
pore.

## XXXIX.

The Third had of their wardrobe custody,  
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,  
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,  
But clothës meet to keep keene cold away,  
And naked nature seemely to aray;  
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,  
The images of God in earthly clay;  
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,  
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

## XL.

The Fourth appointed by his office was  
Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,  
And captives to redeeme with price of bras  
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;  
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,  
That God to us forgiveth every howre  
Much more then that why they in bands were  
    layd;  
And He, that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,  
The faulty soules from thence brought to his  
    heavenly bowre.

## XLI.

The Fift had charge sick persons to attend,  
And comfort those in point of death which lay;  
For them most needeth comfort in the end,  
When Sin, and Hell, and Death, doe most dismay  
The feeble soule departing hence away.  
All is but lost, that living we bestow,  
If not well ended at our dying day.  
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;  
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

## XLII.

The Sixt had charge of them now being dead,  
 In seemely sort their corsers to engrave,  
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,  
 That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet and  
     brave [save.  
 They might appeare, when He their soules shall  
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,  
 Whoseface He made all beastes to feare, and gave  
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.  
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not  
     defould!

## XLIII.

The Seventh, now after death and buriall done,  
 Had charge the tender orphans of the dead  
 And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone :  
 In face of iudgement he their right would plead,  
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread  
 In their defence ; nor would for gold or fee  
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread :  
 And, when they stood in most necessitee,  
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

## XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,  
 The first and chiefest of the Seven, whose care  
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas ;  
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare  
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare  
 He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,  
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare :  
 For of their Order she was Patronesse,  
 Albe Charissa were their chiefest Founderesse.

## XLV.

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,  
That to the rest more hable he might bee :  
During which time, in every good behest,  
And godly worke of Almes and Charitee,  
Shee him instructed with great industree.  
Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
That, from the first unto the last degree,  
His mortall life he learned had to frame  
In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

## XLVI.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas  
Forth to an Hill, that was both steepe and hy ;  
On top whereof a sacred Chappell was,  
And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,  
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,  
That day and night said his devotion,  
Ne other worldly busines did apply :  
His name was Hevenly Contemplation ;  
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

## XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had ;  
For God he often saw from heavens hight :  
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,  
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,  
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,  
As eagles eie, that can behold the sunne.  
That Hill they scale with all their powre and might,  
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,  
Gan faile ; but, by her helpe, the top at last he  
wonne.

## XLVIII.

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,  
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed ;  
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire  
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.  
Each bone might through his body well be red,  
And every sinew seene, through his long fast :  
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ;  
His mind was full of spirituall repast,  
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body low and chast.

## XLIX.

Who, when these two approaching he aspide,  
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,  
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;  
And had he not that Dame respected more,  
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,  
He would not once have moved for the Knight.  
They him saluted, standing far afore ;  
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,  
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious  
hight ?

## L.

“ What end,” quoth she, “ should cause us take  
such paine,  
But that same end, which every living wight  
Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine ?  
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right  
To that most glorious House, that glistreth bright  
With burning starres and everliving fire,  
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight  
By wise Fidelia ? She doth thee require,  
To shew it to this Knight, according his desire.”

## LI.

“Thrise happy man,” said then the Father grave,  
“Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth  
lead,

And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!  
Who better can the way to heaven aread  
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred  
In hevenly throne, where thousand angels shine?  
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead  
Present before the Maiesty Divine,  
And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

## LII.

“Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.  
Then come, Thou man of earth, and see the way,  
That never yet was seene of Faries sonne;  
That never leads the traveiler astray,  
But, after labors long and sad delay,  
Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.  
But first thou must a season fast and pray,  
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,  
And have her strength recur’d from fraile in-  
firmities.”

## LIII.

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;  
Such one, as that same mighty Man of God,  
That blood-red billowes like a walled front  
On either side disparted with his rod,  
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,  
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone  
With bloody letters by the hand of God,  
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone  
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him  
shone:



## LIV.

Or like that sacred Hill, whose head full hie,  
Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all arownd,  
Is, as it were for endlesse memory  
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,  
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :  
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay  
Through famous poets verse each where renown'd,  
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play  
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely  
lay.

## LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew  
A little path, that was both steepe and long,  
Which to a goodly Citty led his vew ;  
Whose wals and towres were builded high and  
strong  
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong  
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell ;  
Too high a ditty for my simple song !  
The Citty of the Greate King hight it well,  
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

## LVI.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
The blessed Angels to and fro descend  
From highest heven in gladsome companee,  
And with great ioy into that Citty wend,  
As commonly as frend does with his frend.  
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,  
What stately building durst so high extend  
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,  
And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.

## LVII.

“ Faire Knight,” quoth he, “ Hierusalem that is,  
The New Hierusalem, that God has built  
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,  
His chosen people purg’d from sinful guilt  
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt  
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,  
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:  
Now are they Saints all in that City sam,  
More dear unto their God then younglings to their  
dam.”

## LVIII.

“ Till now,” said then the Knight, “ I weened well,  
That great Cleopolis where I have beene,  
In which that fairest Fary Queene doth dwell,  
The fairest city was that might be seene;  
And that bright towre, all built of christall cleene,  
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was:  
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;  
For this great City that does far surpas,  
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that  
towre of glas.”

## LIX.

“ Most trew,” then said the holy aged man;  
“ Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,  
The fairest peece that eie beholden can;  
And well beseemes all Knights of noble name,  
That covett in th’ immortall booke of fame  
To be eternized, that same to haunt,  
And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,  
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:  
For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may iustly  
vaunt.

## LX.

" And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English  
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne, [race,  
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,  
To aide a Virgin desolate fordonne.  
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,  
And high emongst all Knights hast hong thy shield,  
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,  
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:  
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sor-  
rows, yield.

## LXI.

" Then seek this path that I to thee presage,  
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;  
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage  
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,  
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end: [see,  
For thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doest  
Shall be a Saint, and thine owne Nations Frend  
And Patrone: Thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,  
*Saint George* of mery *Englând*, the signe of  
victoree."

## LXII.

" Unworthy wretch," quoth he, " of so great grace,  
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine!"  
" These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,"  
Quoth he, " as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."  
" But deeds of armes must I at last be faine  
And Ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?"  
" What need of armes, where peace doth ay  
    remaine,"  
Said he, " and battailes none are to be fought?  
As for loose loves, they are vaine, and vanish into  
nought."

## LXIII.

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe  
Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;  
But let me here for aie in peace remaine,  
Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,  
That nothing may my present hope empare."  
"That may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yitt  
Forgoe that royal Maides bequeathed care,  
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,  
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."

## LXIV.

"Then shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me grace,  
Abett that Virgins cause disconsolate,  
And shortly back returne unto this place,  
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.  
But now aread, old Father, why of late  
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,  
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"  
"That word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,  
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood."

## LXV.

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient race  
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,  
And many bloody battailes fought in place,  
High reard their royall throne in Britane land,  
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:  
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,  
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,  
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:  
Such, men do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by  
Faeries theft.

## LXVI.

" Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,  
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde ;  
Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,  
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,  
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,  
Whereof Gēorgos he thee gave to name ;  
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,  
To Fary court thou cam'st to seek for fame,  
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best  
became."

## LXVII.

" O holy sire," quoth he, " how shall I quight  
The many favours I with thee have fownd,  
That hast my Name and Nation redd aright,  
And taught the way that does to heaven bownd !"  
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd  
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne  
Through passing brightnes, which did quite con-  
found  
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne,  
So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to things  
divine !

## LXVIII.

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,  
To Una back he cast him to retyre ;  
Who him awaited still with pensive mind.  
Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good Syre  
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre,  
So came to Una, who him ioyd to see ;  
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre  
Of her Adventure myndfull for to bee. [three,  
So leave they take of Cælia and her Daughters

## CANTO XI.

---

The Knight with that old Dragon fights  
Two dayes incessantly :  
The third, him overthrowes ; and gayns  
Most glorious victory.

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## I.

HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre  
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,  
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre :  
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,  
With hartie wordes her Knight she gan to cheare,  
And in her modest manner thus bespake ; [deare,  
“ Deare Knight, as deare as eyer Knight was  
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,  
High Heven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me  
take!

## II.

“ Now are we come unto my native soyle,  
And to the place where all our perilles dwell ;  
Here hautes that Feend, and does his daily  
spoyle ;  
Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,  
And ever ready for your foeman fell :  
The sparke of noble corage now awake,  
And strive your excellent selfe to excell :  
That shall ye evermore renowned make  
Above all Knights on earth, that batteill under-  
take.”

## III.

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,  
 "The brasen towre, in which my Parents deare  
 For dread of that huge Feend emprisond be;  
 Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,  
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare;  
 And on the top of all I do espye  
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;  
 That, O my Parents, might I happily  
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

## IV.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,  
 That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,  
 And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.  
 Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,  
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side  
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:  
 But, all so soone as he from far descryde  
 Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,  
 He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them  
 untill.

## V.

Then badd the Knight his Lady yede aloof,  
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;  
 From whence she might behold that battailles  
 proof,  
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:  
 She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—  
 Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned dame,  
 Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,  
 The nourse of time and everlasting fame, [name;  
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall

## VI.

O, gently come into my feeble brest,  
Come gently; but not with that mightie rage,  
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,  
And hartes of great heroës doest enrage,  
That nought their kindled corage may aswage;  
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,  
The god of warre with his fiers equipage  
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;  
And scared nations doest with horror sterne  
astownd.

## VII.

Fayre goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,  
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,  
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,  
Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,  
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;  
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:  
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,  
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,  
That I this Man of God his godly armes may blaze.

## VIII.

By this, the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,  
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,  
That with his largenesse measured much land,  
And made wide shadow under his huge waste;  
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.  
Approching nigh, he reared high afore  
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;  
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,  
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with  
bloody gore;



## IX.

And over all with brasen scales was armd,  
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare  
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse be  
harmd

With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:  
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,  
His aery plumes doth rouze full rudely dight;  
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:  
For, as the clashing of an armor bright,  
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the  
Knight.

## X.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,  
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd  
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:  
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,  
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;  
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,  
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,  
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,  
And all the hevens stood still amazed with his  
threat.

## XI.

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,  
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,  
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfolds,  
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,  
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,  
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,  
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;  
And at the point two stinges infixd arre,  
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden  
farre.

## XII.

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed  
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes;  
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,  
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,  
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.  
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell  
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes  
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,  
Through which into his darke abysses all ravin fell.

## XIII.

And, that more wondrous was, in either iaw  
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,  
In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,  
Of late devoured bodies did appeare;  
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare:  
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,  
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,  
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,  
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did  
fill.

## XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,  
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:  
As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,  
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,  
And warning give, that enemies conspyre  
With fire and sword the region to invade;  
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:  
But far within, as in a hollow glade,  
Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dread-  
full shade.

## XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,  
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,  
And often bounding on the brused gras,  
As for great ioyance of his new come guest.  
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest;  
As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare;  
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,  
(That made the Redcrosse Knight nigh quake for  
feare,)  
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

## XVI.

The Knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,  
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:  
The pointed steel, arriving rudely theare,  
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,  
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right:  
Yet, sore amoved with so puissaunt push,  
The wrathfull Beast about him turned light,  
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush  
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground  
did rush.

## XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,  
And fresh encounter towards him addrest:  
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,  
And found no place his deadly point to rest.  
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,  
To be avenged of so great despight;  
For never felt his imperceable brest  
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;  
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant  
Knight.

## XVIII.

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,  
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,  
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde  
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found  
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,  
To beare so great a weight : He, cutting way  
With his broad sayles, about him soared round ;  
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,  
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them  
quite away.

## XIX.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,  
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send ;  
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine  
To let them downe before his flightes end :  
As hagdard hauke, presuming to contend  
With hardy fowle above his hable might,  
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend  
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight ;  
Which, comming down to ground, does free itselfe  
by fight.

## XX.

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,  
The Knight his thrillant speare again assayd  
In his bras-plated body to embosse,  
And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd ;  
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,  
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde  
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd :  
The percing steele there wrought a wound full  
wyde, [cryde.  
That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly

## XXI.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,  
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does  
threat;

The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,  
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;  
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat  
His neighbour element in his revenge:  
Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat  
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,  
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

## XXII.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,  
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,  
And quite asunder broke: Forth flowed fresh  
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,  
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;  
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:  
Treble augmented was his furious mood  
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,  
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large  
nosethrill.

## XXIII.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,  
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes  
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout  
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,  
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies,  
That to the ground he is perforce constraind  
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse  
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,  
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

## XXIV.

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,  
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,  
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could with-  
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell; [stand:  
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,  
That deeper dint therein it would not make;  
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,  
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,  
But, when he saw them come, he did them still  
forsake.

## XXV.

The Knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,  
And smot againe with more outrageous might;  
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,  
And left not any marke where it did light,  
As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.  
The Beast, impatient of his smarting wound  
And of so fierce and forcible despight,  
Thought with his winges to styte above the ground;  
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

## XXVI.

Then, full of grief and anguish vehement,  
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;  
And from his wide devouring oven sent  
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,  
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:  
The scorching flame sore swunged all his face,  
And through his armour all his body seard,  
That he could not endure so cruell cace,  
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to  
unlace.

## XXVII.

Not that great champion of the antique world,  
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,  
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,  
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,  
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,  
With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;  
As did this Knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,  
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;  
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him  
harmd.

## XXVIII.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,  
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and in-  
ward fire,  
That never man such mischiefes did torment;  
Death better were; death did he oft desire;  
But death will never come, when needes require.  
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,  
He cast to suffer him no more respire,  
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,  
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground  
him feld.

## XXIX.

It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell,)  
Behynd his backe, unweeting where he stood,  
Of auncient time there was a springing Well,  
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,  
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:  
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got  
That happy land, and all with innocent blood  
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot  
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot:

## XXX.

For unto life the dead it could restore,  
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;  
Those, that with sicknesse were infected sore,  
It could recure; and aged long decay  
Renew, as one were borne that very day.  
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,  
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;  
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this Well:  
Into the same the Knight back overthrowen fell.

## XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe  
His fierie face in billowes of the west,  
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,  
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest;  
When that infernall Monster, having kest  
His wearie Foe into that living Well,  
Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest  
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,  
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

## XXXII.

Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,  
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,  
As weening that the sad end of the warre;  
And gan to Highest God entirely pray  
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:  
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,  
All night she watcht; ne once adowne would lay  
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,  
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.



## XXXIII.

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,  
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race ;  
 But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare  
 Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,  
 Up rose the gentle Virgin from her place,  
 And looked all about, if she might spy  
 Her loved Knight to move his manly pace :  
 For she had great doubt of his safety,  
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

## XXXIV.

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave  
 Out of the Well wherein he drenched lay :  
 As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,  
 Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,  
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,  
 Like eyas hawke <sup>up</sup> mounts unto the skies,  
 His newly-budded pineons to assay,  
 And marvelles at himselfe, stil as he flies :  
 So new this new-borne Knight to battell new did  
 rise.

## XXXV.

Whom when the damned Feend so fresh did spy,  
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,  
 And doubted whether his late enemy  
 It were, or other new supplied Knight.  
 He now, to prove his late-renewed might,  
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,  
 Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,  
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made :  
 The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

## XXXVI.

I wote not, whether the revenging steele  
Were hardned with that holy water dew  
Wherein he fell ; or sharper edge did feelee ;  
Or his baptized hands now greater grew ;  
Or other secret vertue did ensew ;  
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,  
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew :  
For, till that stownd, could never wight him harme  
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty  
charme.

## XXXVII.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,  
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine ;  
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,  
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraîne.  
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,  
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,  
That to his force to yelden it was faine ;  
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,  
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces  
tore :

## XXXVIII.

The same advauncing high above his head,  
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,  
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead ;  
Ne living wight would have him life behött :  
The mortall sting his angry needle shott  
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,  
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott :  
The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,  
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

## XXXIX.

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare  
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,  
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,  
And strove to loose the far infixed sting :  
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,  
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,  
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string  
Of his huge taile he quite asonder cleft ;  
Five ioints thereof he hewd, and but the stump  
him lefte.

## XL.

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage and what cries,  
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,  
The hell-bred Beast threw forth unto the skies,  
That all was covered with darknesse dire :  
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,  
He cast at once him to avenge for all ;  
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire  
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall  
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast  
withall.

## XLI.

Much was the Man encombred with his hold,  
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,  
Ne wist yett, how his talaunts to unfold ;  
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw  
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw  
To reave by strength the griped gage away :  
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,  
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay ;  
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

## XLII.

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,  
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,  
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,  
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,  
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid ;  
As sparckles from the andvile use to fly,  
When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid  
Therewith at last he forst him to unty  
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

## XLIII.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,  
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine  
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield ;  
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,  
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sus-  
Upon the ioint the lucky steele did light, [taine:  
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine ;  
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,  
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

## XLIV.

For grieve thereof and divelish despight,  
From his infernall founace fourth he threw  
Huge flames, that dimmed all the hevens light,  
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew :  
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew  
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,  
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,  
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,  
That al the land with stench, and heaven with hor-  
ror, choke.

## XLV.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,  
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire  
A little backward for his best defence,  
To save his body from the scorching fire,  
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.  
It chaunst, (Eternall God that chaunce did guide,)  
As he recoiled backward, in the mire  
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,  
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore ter-  
rified.

## XLVI.

There grew a goodly Tree him faire beside,  
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,  
As they in pure vermillion had been dide,  
Whereof great vertues over all were redd :  
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,  
And life eke everlasting did befall :  
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd  
With his Almighty hand, and did it call  
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first Fathers fall.

## XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,  
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,  
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,  
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,  
Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.  
Another like faire Tree eke grew thereby,  
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know  
Both good and ill : O mournfull memory !  
That Tree through one Mans fault hath doen us  
all to dy !

## XLVIII.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,  
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine  
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,  
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,  
As it had deawed bene with timely raine :  
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave ;  
And deadly wounds could heale ; and reare againe  
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave :  
Into that same he fell, which did from death him  
save.

## XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned Beast  
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,  
And al that life preserved did detest ;  
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.  
By this the drouping Day-light gan to fade,  
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,  
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade  
The face of earth and wayes of living wight,  
And high her burning torch set up in heaven  
bright.

## L.

When gentle Una saw the second fall  
Of her deare Knight, who, weary of long fight  
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,  
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,  
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous  
might  
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay ;  
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,  
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray, [day.  
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous

## LI.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare ;  
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed  
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare  
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red :  
Her golden locks, for hast, were loosely shed  
About her eares, when Una her did marke  
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,  
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke ;  
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting  
larke.

## LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,  
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,  
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight ;  
Whose early Foe awaiting him beside  
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,  
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,  
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,  
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare ;  
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced  
neare ;

## LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,  
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,  
And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde ;  
Who him rencounting fierce, as hauke in flight,  
Perforce rebutted back : The weapon bright,  
Taking advantage of his open iaw,  
Ran through his mouth with so impórtune might,  
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,  
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth withall did  
draw.

## LIV.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,  
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;  
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath  
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;  
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,  
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,  
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,  
And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay:  
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine  
lay.

## LV.

The Knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,  
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;  
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,  
Durst not approch for dread which she misdeemd;  
But yet at last, whenas the direfull Feend  
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright  
She higher drew, and saw that ioyous end:  
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull  
Knight,  
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his  
might.



## CANTO XII.

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Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight  
Betrouthed is with ioy :  
Though false Duessa, it to barre,  
Her false sleightes doe imploy.

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## I.

BEHOLD I see the haven nigh at hand,  
To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;  
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,  
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,  
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend :  
There this fayre Virgin wearie of her way  
Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end ;  
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,  
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

## II.

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming east  
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,  
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast ;  
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,  
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme  
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,  
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,  
And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,  
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

## III.

Uprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,  
That aged syre, the Lord of all that land,  
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed  
Those tydings were, as he did understand :  
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,  
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,  
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond  
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state ;  
For dead now was their Foe, which them forrayed  
late.

## IV.

Then gan triumphant trumpets sownd on hye,  
That sent to heven the ecchoed report  
Of their new ioy, and happie victory  
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,  
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.  
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,  
To him assembled with one full consórt,  
Reioycing at the fall of that great Beast,  
From whose eternall bondage now they were re-  
least.

## V.

Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged Queene,  
Arayd in ántique robes downe to the grownd,  
And sad habiliments right well beseene :  
A noble crew about them waited rownd  
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd ;  
Whom far before did march a goodly band  
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,  
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand ;  
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

## VI.

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,  
And, him before themselves prostrating low,  
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,  
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.  
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,  
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,  
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow,  
When morning dew upon their leaves doth light;  
And in their handes sweet timbrells all upheld on  
hight.

## VII.

And, them before, the fry of children yong  
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,  
And to the maydens sownding tymbrels song  
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,  
And made delightfull musick all the way,  
Untill they came, where that faire Virgin stood:  
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day  
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,  
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall  
flood;

## VIII.

So she beheld those maydens meriment  
With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,  
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse  
And her ador'd by honorable name, [bent,  
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame:  
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,  
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game:  
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,  
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly Maiden  
Queene.

## IX.

And after all the raskall many ran,  
Heaped together in rude rablement,  
To see the face of that victorious Man,  
Whom all admired as from heaven sent,  
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.  
But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,  
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,  
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,  
Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

## X.

Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well it  
faynd;  
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,  
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd  
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,  
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest  
Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;  
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest  
Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;  
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

## XI.

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld  
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,  
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,  
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say;  
“How can I tell, but that his talants may  
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?”  
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;  
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,  
To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

## XII.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about ;  
The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,  
Being arrived where that Champion stout  
After his Foes defeasaunce did remaine,  
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne  
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,  
And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine.  
Then when his Daughter deare he does behold,  
Her dearly doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

## XIII.

And after to his pallace he them brings,  
With shaumes, and trompets, and with clarions  
sweet ;

And all the way the ioyous people singes,  
And with their garments strowes the paved street ;  
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet  
Of all, that royall princes court became ;  
And all the floore was underneath their feet  
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,  
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

## XIV.

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,  
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?  
What needes of dainty dishes to devise,  
Of comely services, or courtly trayne ?  
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne  
The large discourse of roiall princes state.  
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne ;  
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate :  
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

## XV.

Then, when with meates and drinckes of every kinde  
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,  
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,  
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad  
Which in his travell him befallen had,  
For to demaund of his renowned guest : [sad,  
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance  
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,  
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

## XVI.

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,  
That godly King and Queene did passionate,  
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard ;  
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,  
And often blame the too impörtune fate  
That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreakes ;  
(For never gentle Knight, as he of late,  
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes ;)  
And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers  
cheaks.

## XVII.

Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise ;  
“ Deare sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore  
From first to last in your late enterprise,  
That I no'te, whether praise or pitty more :  
For never living man, I weene, so sore  
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest :  
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,  
And well arrived are, (High God be blest !)  
Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest.”

## XVIII.

"Ah dearest Lord," said then that doughty Knight,  
"Of ease or rest I may not yet devise;  
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,  
I bownden am streight after this emprize,  
As that your Daughter can ye well advize,  
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,  
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,  
Gainst that proud Paynim King that works her  
teene : [beene."  
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have

## XIX.

"Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"  
Quoth he, "the troubler of my happy peace,  
And vowed foe of my felicity;  
Ne I against the same can justly preace.  
But since that band ye cannot now release,  
Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne,)  
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,  
Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,  
The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you  
twayn :

## XX.

"Which, for my part, I covet to performe,  
In sort as through the world I did proclame,  
That whoso kild that Monster most deforme,  
And him in hardy battayle overcame,  
Should have mine onely Daughter to his Dame,  
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee :  
Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,  
By dew desert of noble chevalree,  
Both Daughter and eke Kingdome lo ! I yield to  
thee."

## XXI.

Then forth he called that his Daughter fayre,  
The fairest Un', his onely Daughter deare,  
His onely Daughter and his onely hayre ;  
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,  
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare  
Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,  
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,  
And to the world does bring long-wished light :  
So faire and fresh that Lady shewed herselfe in sight :

## XXII.

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ;  
For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,  
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,  
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,  
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride ;  
And on her now a garment she did weare  
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,  
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare ;  
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

## XXIII.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,  
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,  
To tell, were as to strive against the streame :  
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace  
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.  
Ne wonder ; for her own deare loved Knight,  
All were she daily with himselfe in place,  
Did wonder much at her celestial sight :  
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.



## XXIV.

So fairely dight when she in presence came,  
She to her Syre made humble reverence,  
And bowed low, that her right well became,  
And added grace unto her excellence:  
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence  
Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd,  
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,  
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,  
A Messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

## XXV.

All in the open hall amazed stood  
At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,  
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood:  
But he for nought would stay his passage right,  
Till fast before the King he did alight;  
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make,  
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight  
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,  
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake;

## XXVI.

‘To thee, most mighty King of Eden fayre,  
‘Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest  
‘The wofull Daughter and forsaken Heyre  
‘Of that great Emperour of all the West;  
‘And bids thee be advized for the best,  
‘Ere thou thy Daughter linck, in holy band  
‘Of wedlocke, to that new unknownen Guest:  
‘For he already plighted his right hand  
‘Unto another love, and to another land.

## XXVII.

‘ To me sad Mayd, or rather Widow sad,  
‘ He was affyaunced long time before,  
‘ And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,  
‘ False erraunt Knight, infamous, and forswore !  
‘ Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,  
‘ And guilty heavens of his bold periury ;  
‘ Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,  
‘ Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,  
‘ And them coniure t’ avenge this shamefull iniury !

## XXVIII.

‘ Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,  
‘ Or false or trew, or living or else dead,  
‘ Withhold, O soverayne Prince, your hasty hond  
‘ From knitting league with him, I you aread ;  
‘ Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,  
‘ Through weaknesse of my widowhed or woe :  
‘ For Truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,  
‘ And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.  
‘ So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor  
foe, *Fidessa.*

## XXIX.

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,  
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,  
That still he sate long time astonished,  
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.  
At last his solemn silence thus he brake,  
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his Guest ;  
“ Redoubted Knight, that for myne only sake  
Thy life and honor late adventarest ;  
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be  
express.

## XXX.

“What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,  
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?  
What hevens? what altars? what enraged heates,  
Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,  
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would  
bynd?

High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame!  
But if yourselfe, Sir Knight, ye faulty fynd,  
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,  
With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the  
same.”

## XXXI.

To whom the Redcrosse Knight this answere sent;  
“My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,  
Till well ye wote by grave intendment,  
What Woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd  
With breach of love and loialty betrayd.  
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward  
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd  
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;  
That day should faile me ere I had them all  
declard.

## XXXII.

“There did I find, or rather I was fownd  
Of this false Woman that Fidessa hight,  
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,  
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,  
That easy was t’ inveigle weaker sight:  
Who by her wicked arts and wiely skill,  
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,  
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,  
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.”

## XXXIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,  
And, on the ground herselfe prostrating low,  
With sober countenance thus to him sayd ;  
“ O pardon me, my souveraine Lord, to show  
The secret treasons, which of late I know  
To have bene wrought by that false Sorceresse :  
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw  
This gentle Knight into so great distresse,  
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

## XXXIV.

“ And now it seemes, that she suborned hath  
This crafty Messenger with letters vaine,  
To worke new woe and unprovided scath,  
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;  
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine  
Of this false Footman, clokt with simplenesse,  
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,  
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,  
The falsest man alive ; who tries, shall find no  
lesse.”

## XXXV.

The King was greatly moved at her speach ;  
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,  
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.  
Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,  
Attacht that Faytor false, and bound him strait :  
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,  
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,  
With ydle force did faine them to withstand ;  
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their  
hand.

## XXXVI.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,  
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains ;  
And with continual watch did warely keepe.  
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains  
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains ?  
Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,  
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,  
And to the Knight his Daughter dear he tyde  
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

## XXXVII.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,  
That none but death for ever can divide ;  
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,  
The housing fire did kinde and provide,  
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide ;  
At which the bushy teade a groome did light,  
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,  
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,  
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

## XXXVIII.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,  
And made great feast to solemnize that day :  
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,  
And precious odours fetcht from far away,  
That all the house did sweat with great aray :  
And all the while sweete musicke did apply  
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,  
To drive away the dull melánocholy ;  
The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

## XXXIX.

During the which there was an heavenly noise  
Heard sownd through all the pallace pleasantly,  
Like as it had bene many an angels voice  
Singing before th' Eternall Maiesty,  
In their trinall triplicities on hye :  
Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet  
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly  
Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,  
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

## XL.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,  
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the  
land,  
That their exceeding merth may not be told :  
Suffice it heare by signes to understand  
The usuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.  
Thrise happy man the Knight himselfe did hold,  
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand ;  
And ever, when his eie did her behold,  
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

## XLI.

Her ioyous presence, and sweet company,  
In full content he there did long enioy ;  
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,  
His deare delights were hable to annoy :  
Yet, swimming in that sea of blissfull ioy,  
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,  
In case he could that monstrous Beast destroy,  
Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne ;  
The which he shortly did ; and Una left to mourne.

## XLII.

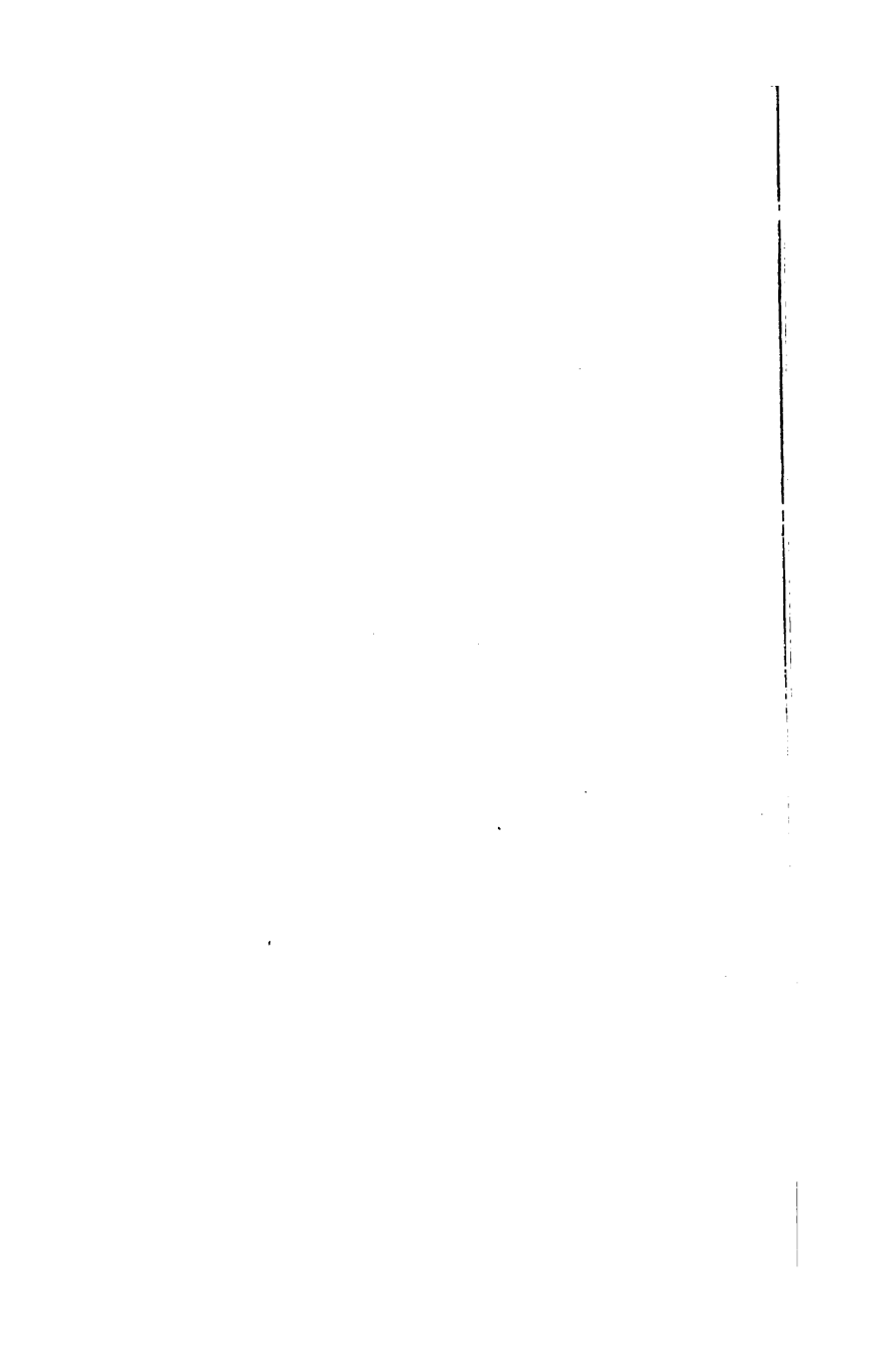
Now, strike your sailes, yee iolly mariners,  
For we be come into a quiet rode,  
Where we must land some of our passengers,  
And light this weary vessell of her lode,  
Here she a while may make her safe abode,  
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,  
And wants supplide; and then againe abroad  
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:  
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent

END OF VOL. I.

by m. *ae*  
C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.



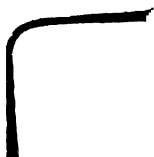




1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.



OCT 22 1943





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